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THE POOR PHILOSOPHER'S THANKSGIVING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MAT McARNO.

If the skies of Thanksgiving are murky,
And the wind makes a dreariesome sound,
If you have to forego your roast turkey
For shin-pieces at sixpence a pound—
If you dine with Dick Hyson,* you ought to give thanks without question,
And pity the rich who are ridden
On nightmares by grim indigestion.

If your pocket-book shows you are needy,
And bad prospects for work make you sick,
If your clothing looks threadbare and seedy
And your tailor refuses you tick—
If you're heavily laden with troubles,
Just think of our bankers distressed,
Who by bursting of over-blown bubbles
Lost the millions they thought they possessed.

If you find that your route of free lunches
Is certainly blocked for the year,
If you have to give up your hot punches
And shut suddenly down on your beer,
Don't despair and don't envy the wealthy,
Nor turn into paths that are vicious,
But remember that Croton is healthy,
Albeit not very nutritious.

If the friends you have loved prove ungrateful,
And turn like the Levite of old,
If your enemies seem doubly hateful
Because you are out in the cold;
If they rend you and tear you with scorning,
And spit forth the venom of spite,
Remember the sunshine of morning
Follows close on the darkness of night.

If the girl of your heart has refused you
And rejected your suit in derision,
If your rival has hurt and abused you
And distorted the fair creature's vision;
If this fracture of dreams and of wishes
Brings your castles in Spain all to naught,
Remember the sea contains fishes
Quite as brilliant as ever were caught.

Be grateful for Hope. She is the goddess
Who turns into gold all the dross
Of our poor human lives, and what's odd is,
She's proof against "profit and loss."
When the skies are the blackest, her pinions
Are spread like the wings of the day;
All the souls in her noble dominions
Are happy forever and aye.

THE LAPIDARY OF NUREMBERG:

A WONDERFUL CHRONICLE,

Compiled from the Manuscripts of a Patient in Bedlam,

AND WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE HERO OF THE LIFE GUARDS.

I was born at Nuremburgh, noted both in prose and in poetry as the quaint old town of toil and traffic. The date of my nativity was March 2, 1798. My father was a lapidary; and so thoroughly did he understand his art that most of the large jewelers at Paris, Geneva, London and Frankfort-on-the-Main were glad to avail themselves of his wonderful skill. I am the younger of two brothers, and bear the same name as my father, Rudolf F——. My brother's name was Herman. I had also a sister, but my mother died in giving her birth, and the child did not long survive. After my mother's decease, an old woman by the name of Katharine acted as my father's housekeeper. My brother Herman was a very proud-spirited lad, and twelve years my senior. He scorned a craftsman's life, and when I was quite young left Nuremberg to join the army of Bonaparte, whose successive victories were beginning to astonish Europe. I was kept at school, and at ten years of age was noted as a precocious scholar. Your precocious children, as a general thing, are flattered much, and are apt to be shown off by their instructors as prodigious freaks of nature. The youthful mind often flashes like a meteor and astonishes, but is apt to vanish early. There was only one—Blaise Paschal—among a myriad of the human family, and even he died young. My father was a philosopher, and observed the works of nature closely. When I was twelve years of age, he noticed that the taper was burning too fast, and took me away from school to learn the art of the lapidary. I felt rejoiced at the change; for, of all my studies, I hated chemistry the best. Even then I had an indistinct idea that I should some day be able to crystalize carbon.*

My father was well-to-do, though far from rich. The French Revolution was a sad drawback to the advancement of his fortunes. Some of the nobility were indebted to him in large sums for work performed in Paris. When forced to emigrate, most of these debtors saved from the general wreck of society nothing but their lives. In spite of his losses, my father vindicated the rights of the people. He believed Republicanism would ultimately prove beneficial to the largest number of the human family. He was what might be called a conservative Republican, for he never fancied the services of Madame Guillotine were needed to produce a Revolution.

We occupied a small cottage on the outskirts of the city, and to this cottage was attached a handsome garden-plot. Our laboratory and workshop was on the principal floor, and the doors and all the windows were stoutly fastened during the night to guard against burglars. We kept the most valuable gems in one of Monsieur Lebau's patent safes, which the best judges in Paris had pronounced burglar and fire proof. My father employed only one journeyman, who also slept in the cottage. He was an Englishman by the name of Wilfred Shaw, was about thirty years of age, had handsome and intelligent features and a well-knit frame, and was very strong and muscular. His letters of recommendation were from a prominent London firm well known on the Continent, and he soon proved himself to be capable, sober and honest.

Wilfred Shaw's special pet was a huge dog of the mastiff breed. He called him Cœsus, and said that he named him thus because he was the owner of three jewels of inestimable value, viz., Honor, Fidelity and Valor. If history is correct, the original Cœsus did not own these rare gems, even though before the wondering eyes of Solon he spread jewels to the value of thirty million pounds sterling. The philosophy of this is—a man may be rich and poor at the same time.

Shaw was ready to back his favorite on all occasions, and never doubted his merits. Once, when a menagerie tarried in Nuremberg for a week, he challenged the proprietor to match a young African lion against Cœsus, and required no favor but fair play. He offered to stake a month's pay on the result of the contest; but the owner of Leo, after taking a careful survey of the dog, declined the wager, merely remarking that "Cœsus looked as though he meant business, and Leo had not cut his wisdom teeth yet." After this event there was not a friendly hand in Nuremburgh that withheld a pat from the brave fellow's shaggy head. But admiration did not turn his brain. Like a sensible dog, he bore with becoming modesty the honors showered upon him.

The reason why I have been so particular in showing the qualifications of Cœsus is that he plays an important part in my story.

My father, being a Republican of the Girondist school, always hated Madame Guillotine as a cruel and most fickle jade. He never believed that it was necessary to decapitate the nobility. To banish them seemed more reasonable to him. His feelings were with the people, but only patricians can afford to purchase costly jewels. Gems are valueless when people have no money. Danton, Robespierre, Hebert, Marat frightfully thinned out my father's best customers.

"The death punishment," said my father, "never advanced the world an atom. I do not believe any grievances have ever been reformed by the hangs or the guillotine. Witness my own situation before the advent of the Revolution. I was young, ambitious, and on the high road to fortune, when the edicts of Citizens Robespierre and Marat brought me to the very verge of ruin. Revolutions are frightfully detrimental to those who deal in the luxuries of life. Literature and the fine arts thrive best when the gates of Janus are shut. You see, my friend" he always addressed his journeyman in this familiar manner), "France was put up at auction: Madam Guillotine held the stakes, and the rabble won the game. Then came the reaction, and trade is now gradually becoming convalescent. It takes time to bring about a new order of things, but Bonaparte is progressing. He raises his majors and captains from the ranks, believing, as a man of sense ought to believe, that genius and bravery deserve the best positions. Such are the men whom history points out as able to storm fortresses or lead a forlorn hope. Believe me, the time is drawing nigh when these haughty emigrants will gladly mate their children with the grooms who served in the stables of the Capet, or curried the war-horses of Rou. When the bugle peals the sonorous strains of war, the populace feel martial, and forget that every charge against the enemy's lines, even if it results in a victory for their side, is an additional drain upon their homes and hearts. The hero of the battle-field is idolized by his country. Bonaparte is a great man, and France is proud of him."

"But Bonaparte is a Corsican," Shaw would suggest.

"True," my father would reply, "but none the worse for that. Was not the conqueror of England a Norman, and the founder of a long line of kings? A soldier of fortune, if he is formed of the right mould, can win his laurels in one land as well as in another. But my theory is, the rise must be gradual. It requires time to climb the shaft of fame. Vaulting ambition often overleaps the mark, and falls on the other side. Nature advances surely, but slowly. Time would appear to have been a necessity even to the Deity, when He occupied a week in laying the foundations of the deep, and filling the vacuum of the universe with the wonderful works He pronounced good. Though my language may sound strange, I trust I shall ever feel the warmest love and gratitude toward the wise Ruler over all. Meaning no offense in any argument which I advance, I must maintain that Holy Writ asserts that the Deity was sorely displeased when his chosen people desired a king to rule over them. This is one reason why I think a Republican form of government the best. And did not the annointed son of Kizh, when placed in power, grow as mad as Tomaso Annello or Philip Van Artaveldе? The patent for the divine right of kings, I think, has run out, and is not likely to be renewed by the people."

Shaw and myself were pleased with my father's oratory, and were good listeners, while the advice we received was beneficial to our morals. I was a mere lad, but even in my schoolboy days inherited many of my father's ideas. Since Herman joined the army of Bonaparte, we had received only one letter from him, which stated that he was then serving in Egypt, and had been wounded in an engagement, but, happily, had recovered and been promoted to the rank of orderly sergeant. There had been a lapse of eight years since then, and Herman's name never appearing in the list of promotions, my father would say:

"Ah, my boy has grown proud, and is ashamed of his plebeian origin. No doubt he has assumed a new title. If Herman lives, he has certainly advanced, and wears the epaulets of a major or a captain. He is going to surprise us. The prodigal will return wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and we shall kill the fatted calf to receive him. Herman only emulates his noble commander. No one speaks of Bonaparte since the Battle of the Pyramids, but Europe turns pale at the name of Napoleon."

My father always studied a theory carefully on the obverse and reverse sides. He seemed to have at his finger's-ends the logic of a Mirabeau and the withering sarcasm of a Voltaire. He would have made his mark as a superb advocate, had he not served his time as a lapidary. He had his weaknesses too. Although opposed to the trade of war, yet he was proud of his eldest son's valor on the battle-field, and the few lines which told of his promotion he read again and again, until the paper was nearly crumpled to shreds. As he pursued the missive he would rub his hands with delight and say:

"Herman is a true brilliant, and only needs a little polishing. War is a barbarous proceeding in any case where diplomacy will answer (I borrow this idea from the eminent Duke de Richelieu); yet there was a time, so Monsieur de curate tells me, when the angels disagreed, and a sanguinary battle took place in the celestial regions. If Europe is ultimately destined to become either Republican or Cossack, I very much prefer the former."

A favorite resort of my father's after working hours was the beer-house where Hans Sachs, the celebrated cobbler-poet of Nuremberg, had in times past, over a foaming tankard, composed some of his happiest rhymes.* Thither, when a precocious boy, I was sometimes allowed, as a special favor, to accompany him; and I could not fail to observe that he was looked upon as an oracle by the host and his guests. Whoever occupied the poet's oaken chair would vacate it when my father entered the room. They always gave him the seat of honor, and for his special use the host would bring forth from the closet a silver tankard, which shone bright as a mirror. When he raised the tankard to his lips, the guests would stand in breathless awe.

Such surroundings could not fail to brew a storm of eloquence. Nature is hushed to silence before the throes of the volcano or the fall of the avalanche. The assembly felt that inspiration must come to the person who drank from the tankard and sat in the chair of a poet who had written three thousand songs. Under such favorable auspices, failure was impossible, and the applause was general, whether the oration leaned toward the Muses, or Science, or Art, or Patriotism. I was a good listener, and improved by listening.

Herr Waghoner, the host, was a thorough success in his vocation, and he sold the best beer in Nuremberg. But of this fact I could only judge by what I heard, for I was never allowed to taste the foaming beverage. My father often remarked:

"I have no desire to act the youthful parent, like the Duke de R——."

I bore the lesson of abstinence without a murmur, for there was something under Herr Waghoner's roof that I far preferred to beer, politics, or poetry—the fair-haired Susette, daughter of the host. She was the bright fairy-tales over which childhood delights to ponder could I discover a princess who matched her countless charms.

It was in the Autumn of the year 1812, when Napoleon was about to invade Russia, that I first saw her handsome face, and heard her sing the clear old song of Barbara Allen, which made my bosom thrill with something akin to rapture.

Mine was a boyish love—burning, intense, yet innocent. I gazed on her as one gazes on a lovely star and murmurs: "The sons of God rejoiced when thou wast made so beautiful!" I grew romantic, and wished the days of chivalry would return, that I could engage in a tournament and splinter a lance in honor of her charms. I once gave a terrible beating to a lad who had made faces at her as she was carrying a pot of ale around the corner to a thirsty neighbor. He was older than I, but as she was looking on at the fray, I would have come off victor, or have died. When at last I was master of the field, I carried as a trophy a black eye, which she carefully bound up with her little white kerchief. Then the gates of Paradise swung open, and I would have done battle in her cause against a giant. She was but three years my elder, but such a trifle is nothing in an affair of the heart. When I told her that her eyes reminded me of the diamonds, and her lips of the rubies my father kept in the safe, she would laugh and say: "What a foolish boy you are!"—but would be careful to add—"Now, Rudolf, do you really think so?"

Shaw congratulated me upon my victory in her behalf, and said I would make an excellent soldier. He admired a passage-at-arms with Nature's weapons. His brother was an athlete of the "ring," and had enlisted in the army and fought bravely under Wellington in the wars of the Peninsula. This was at a period when the English admired their native athletes as the ancient Romans did their choice gladiators. The scholars of Eton preferred the tactics of Figg to the odes of Horace. What they admired most in the classic were the feats of Milo and the Olympian games. The heir to the English throne, quoted as the first gentleman in Europe, patronized the arena in purse and person; a noble marquis descended to the common level, and did not disdain to put on the gloves with a brawny porter from the London docks; gentle ladies wagered (under the rose) their pin-money on the champion who would draw the first blood; and the sister of a captain in the army ventured her estate and won, when the question, whether Albion or Erin had produced the most able exponent of the "ring," had become a national one. Many of these athletes held respectable positions, and one was sent to Parliament by his constituents, and filled his high station with modesty and credit.

The brother of Shaw had only shown his abilities as an athlete at rare intervals, but the journals of the day, which were of a sporting character, spoke of him as a marvel. When, as a novice, he entered the lists for the first time, it was as the antagonist of one who had been the conqueror in a score of similar contests. The connoisseurs said: "Prepare for something superb, for the novice has the form of a Hercules, and the actions of a Hercules." As knowing ones, they reflected on these attributes, but concluded, from preceding encounters, that the old stager would blind his man, and thus gain the victory. A gnat can conquer an elephant, if he has the luck to sting out his eyes; the teeth of a mouse will not more avail less than the jaws of a lion, when the latter is caught in a net. The odds against the novice were a hundred to fifty, and in the first round the blows of his antagonist fell upon his face, neck, breast and head as thick and sharp as hail. Though unable to reach his foe, still he never flinched nor retreated before those fearful passes, which seemed to cut his white skin as a knife would. Even those who had bet against him felt sympathy for his misfortunes when they were sure of pocketing the stakes.

"Poor fellow!" they said, "he is game to the bottom. Why don't his backers throw up the sponge? What a shame to see a brave man so frightfully punished!"

The reporter of a sporting paper was so sanguine of the result that he remarked: "The jig is up; I am off for London; the odds are the lady of Threadneedle street against a farthing."

People often come to wrong conclusions by being premature. The reporter ought to have waited for the second round.

The veteran came up smiling, and gave his principal backer a wink, which implied, "Look for an encore."

Things were growing tiresome. The second round seemed a mere repetition of the first, and humane persons in the crowd cried "Shame!" Suddenly, while making one of his famous passes, the veteran slipped. Then the crowd grew hushed into such a silence as precedes the fall of the avalanche. Ere he could recover, a blow from the arm of the novice reached him full on the breast, crushing it like an egg-shell, and sending him to the farthest corner of the ring, a quivering mass of humanity, spouting blood from mouth and nostrels, and fated nevermore in this world to hear the call of "Time!"

Threatened by the authorities, the young athlete was obliged to fly immediately to the Continent. The noble marquis who had backed him in the ring stood

* Æneas Sylvas (afterward Pius II), in the fifteenth century, speaks with great admiration of the riches of the German cities, although even then their splendor had begun to sink. "The kings of Scotland," he says, "might envy the state of the meaner citizens of Nuffemberg. Where is there a tavern among you where you do not drink out of silver? What married woman—I will not say of rank, but the wife of a simple citizen—do we not find decorated with gold? What shall I say of the neck-chains of the men, and the bridles of the horses, which are made of the purest gold, and of the spurs and scabbards, which are covered with jewels?"—*Bohtbrach's Germany.*

* A French professor claims to have made diamonds; but the gems are invisible to the naked eye, and can be detected under the microscope only. Scientific men at Severes, in France, succeeded, after many failures, in making small rubies, emeralds and topazes. The only precious stone which defies imitation is the opal. There is an opal in the museum at Vienna for which $250,000 have been refused.

THEATRES AND HALLS OF AMERICA.

No. 6.—The Opera-house, Detroit, Mich.

One grows ambitious when engaged in a glorious work of art. Fame is something to live for, and a grateful public often praises a worthy man after his death. Even poets have received such tributes when death has placed them beyond the reach of envy. Like Chatterton, the child of genius, they may have starved, but those who pursue their talents never fail to upbraid the past. These self-constituted critics say: "Poor fellows! what a pity their talent should have been clouded by poverty. Ah! if they had only lived in our time, we would have built them up." I beg pardon for interrupting the worthy critics—after they had starved similar monuments.

Wilfred Shaw, though one of the most able lapidaries, did not participate in the work my father had undertaken to perform for the Count D'E——. Time and precision, a genius required by the greatest care and circumspection, and should a flaw occur through indiscretion, the jewel might possibly be reduced a million francs in value. For a season the guests of Herr Waghoner lost their special orator, but could not fathom the cause. No person in Nuremberg knew concerning the work for which my father was engaged, save the Count D'E——, our journeyman, Wilfred Shaw and myself. This is a proof that at the early age of fourteen I could be trusted with important affairs. I was precocious, but truthful and guarded. Possibly, Shaw's dog Cœsus knew something of the work in hand—we all seemed more watchful than ever. I think the animal noticed, while my father was engaged in cutting the gem, that the doors were always double-locked to keep out intruders.

The count often visited the laboratory to investigate, with the eye of a thorough connoisseur, the process of diamond-cutting. No person else was admitted during the hours devoted to the artistic work. Cœsus knew the count's footstep on the stairs, and the dog being satisfied that he was not an interloper, the twain became the best of friends. In fact, the dog gave myself the greatest attention and kindly disposed toward the Count D'E——. The nobleman was certainly handsome, affable, and generous to a fault. Such attributes, allied to immense wealth, rendered him deservedly popular. Had it not been for Susette, I should have been obliged to admire Herr Waghoner's patronage and worship as his rich patron. The count disdained to pick up the change of a golden louis when he visited the beer-house and drank a tankard of the host's choice brewing.

I felt overjoyed when I one day learned that the count's presence would shortly be required at the Austrian court. I determined that as soon as he had gone away I would try every feasible plan to blot his fascinations from the memory of Susette. At this period I was sometimes allowed to visit the beer-house in company with our journeyman, Wilfred.

A pang of bitter jealousy shot through my bosom one day, when Susette, much after the manner of a finished coquette, showed me some verses that she had received from the count. I remember that he compared Susette's charms to those of Helen of Troy, when the latter acted the part of cup-bearer to the gods on Olympus. In such a case, had the count stolen his lines from Homer, I should have pronounced them doggerel, but they were original and perfect in metre, although the idea was as old as the siege of Troy. This gave him a claim to be classic like Homer, and I used the weapon of sarcasm with a bitterness that jealousy alone could have inspired.

What I wanted to know—"Ha, ha, ha!"—was whether or not the fair Hebe wore petticoats and high-heeled gaiters, and also if the celestial revelers avoided cups in their nectar. Would it not be advisable for Bacchus to retire on a competency, after disposing of his good-will to Herr Waghoner?—— But I observed Susette was growing angry, for a flush mounted to her white temples; so I quickly concluded with—"Trust me, dear Susette, this is what a patrician is only making game of you!"

"Rudolf, you are a rude boy," she responded, "and I have half a mind to be very angry with you. Let me assure you, once for all, the count is a worthy gentleman, and my father, who is a good judge of human nature, admires his noble qualities."

Of all the bad said in her reproof, the word *boy* sounded the harshest to my ear. If she had given me a cuff, I could have borne the lesson with a better grace. A blow from a small white hand, accompanied with the remark—"You saucy fellow, take that!"—has often been responded to with—"Gladly, and with all my heart!" But *boy*—ah, there was the rub! The truth flashed to my mind: I was only in my fifteenth year, and Susette considered herself a woman. I know my eyes grew bloodshot, and that I was nearly choked with anger; but I managed to say, with affected calmness:

"If the Count D'E—— dares to insult——."

"Stop!" she almost shrieked. "Are you crazy? Dare you think my father's daughter would submit to an insult from the proudest lord in the land, even though he were twenty times the peer of the Count D'E——?"

"My own eyes do not deceive me, Susette. Did I not see him chuck you under the chin, and hear him swear that your voice was as sweet as a skylark's?"

"And pray, Rudolf, can you tell me how long ago this pleasantry of the count's occurred?"

"Nearly three years. It was shortly after I gave the young brigand a trouncing for making mouths at you."

She gave a merry laugh, and all her anger seemed dispelled in a moment.

"Why, what a dunce you are, Rudolf! I was only a little child then, and everyone who had a kind heart took the liberty of complimenting me after the same fashion as the count. Since then I have become a woman, and, trust me, do not sanction such familiarity."

"But you will preserve the verses he has written to you?"

"Possibly," she said, carelessly enough; but there stole over her beautiful face a blush that convinced me that she treasured them far too highly for my happiness, and that she really returned the love of the young nobleman. I could listen to her words of cool indifference no longer, for my heart was smouldering with passion, and I rushed from her presence into the open air, to give my feelings vent. I was in a dilemma of doubt, and without a hope of seeing my way clearly. At first I decided to challenge the count to deadly combat; and should I fall in the fearful fray, the last dying words which should escape my lips would be—"Farewell, darling Susette!" I wished that I was dead; that I never had been born; that the battle of Eckmuhl and Austerlitz might be fought over again, so that the cannons of Napoleon would batter down the palace of the Count D'E—— and plough up the grounds which surrounded his magnificent villa. Such was my intense feeling of hate against the nobleman who toyed with Susette. To work his injury, I would have been willing to sow Vienna with salt. But I knew there was no hope of such an occurrence taking place. The battle of Wagram had decided the abasement of Austria, and the once mighty kingdom that under the great Rodolf of Hapsburg had won honor and renown was glad to sign a treaty of peace with its conqueror.

My state of mind was indescribable; and, utterly unable to control my feelings, I at length opened my heart to Wilfred Shaw. I knew he was too honorable to betray to my father the secret with which I had entrusted him. With bitter words I rehearsed to him the various schemes I had thought of in order to bring the nobleman to grief, so he might realize a portion of the terrible pangs which rended my heart. Wilfred was a true Englishman, and his idea of fair-play totally disconcertanated my plots or any other conspiracies. As to stealing the count's diamond (I had suggested the bright idea), such a thing could not be thought of for a moment: my father would have to suffer the penalty. Tournaments were out of date, and the laws against dueling were very strict among the thrifty burghers of Nuremburgh.

"The is only one resource left you," said Wilfred, after a few moments' consideration.

"Tell me, my dear friend, what I shall do, and I shall ever remain your debtor."

"Were I as was in your place, I should give the boy who insulted Susette another beating."

"Why, he has nothing to do with the affair between the count and myself. If I had not retained as a keepsake the handkerchief with which the dear girl bound up my eye after the fray, I should never have thought of the matter."

"Rudolf," said Wilfred earnestly, "the count is too far above your reach; and, besides, it would not be policy to pick a quarrel with your father's best customer. He will leave Nuremberg shortly, and Susette will probably forget him. Be advised by me, and your old antagonist a fresh trouncing. She will fancy that the battle is on her account, and be touched with admiration and regard for her champion."

The manner in which Wilfred stated the case pleased me, and I promised to follow his advice. His assurance that girls admire a brave chap in any sphere of life stimulated me to engage in the lists as soon as possible. When I met the un wary youth, I accused him of having slandered the fair daughter of Herr Waghoner. He stoutly denied the charge, and I knew he was innocent. Still, I told him that his offense could only be washed out in blood, and with that I planted between his eyes a blow powerful enough to knock him down. He was up and at me in a moment. Wilfred and his dog Cœsus stood by in the new fair-play. My antagonist had grown taller and stronger since our last encounter. He had been serving his time with a blacksmith, and an apprentice at such a trade is generally a hardy young fellow. If I had not loved Susette so well, I should have felt sorry for having entered the lists; but my arm was nerved by the wrongs I had endured, and whenever I whispered: "Take that, Count D'E——!" my rival was felled as if by a cannon-shot.

Wilfred gave us both encouragement, but felt sure that eventually I would win.

Cœsus, like a sensible dog as he was, did not offer to interfere in my behalf. Whenever a hard blow was struck, he would give a bark of applause, and wag his tail, as much as to say: "I rather like this sort of thing, but I have no right to interfere with my superiors. However, if any respectable dog comes along, and wants to get acquainted and kindly disposed toward the Count D'E——. The nobleman was certainly handsome, affable, and generous to a fault. Such attributes, allied to immense wealth, rendered him deservedly popular. Had it not been for Susette, I should have been obliged to admire Herr Waghoner's patronage and worship as his rich patron. The count disdained to pick up the change of a golden louis when he visited the beer-house and drank a tankard of the host's choice brewing.

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"If the Count D'E—— dares to insult——."

"Stop!" she almost shrieked. "Are you crazy? Dare you think my father's daughter would submit to an insult from the proudest lord in the land, even though he were twenty times the peer of the Count D'E——?"

"My own eyes do not deceive me, Susette. Did I not see him chuck you under the chin, and hear him swear that your voice was as sweet as a skylark's?"

"And pray, Rudolf, can you tell me how long ago this pleasantry of the count's occurred?"

"Nearly three years. It was shortly after I gave the young brigand a trouncing for making mouths at you."

She gave a merry laugh, and all her anger seemed dispelled in a moment.

"Why, what a dunce you are, Rudolf! I was only a little child then, and everyone who had a kind heart took the liberty of complimenting me after the same fashion as the count. Since then I have become a woman, and, trust me, do not sanction such familiarity."

"But you will preserve the verses he has written to you?"

"Possibly," she said, carelessly enough; but there stole over her beautiful face a blush that convinced me that she treasured them far too highly for my happiness, and that she really returned the love of the young nobleman. I could listen to her words of cool indifference no longer, for my heart was smouldering with passion, and I rushed from her presence into the open air, to give my feelings vent. I was in a dilemma of doubt, and without a hope of seeing my way clearly. At first I decided to challenge the count to deadly combat; and should I fall in the fearful fray, the last dying words which should escape my lips would be—"Farewell, darling Susette!" I wished that I was dead; that I never had been born; that the battle of Eckmuhl and Austerlitz might be fought over again, so that the cannons of Napoleon would batter down the palace of the Count D'E—— and

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DEAD OF FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The cathedral erected in the twelfth century is the only interesting church of which Bremen can boast. It is now a Protestant church, and contains the finest organ in Germany. The chief attraction to strangers is the exhibition of several mummies, the oldest having been 400 years and the most recent 60 years in an undecayed condition. The vaults in which they repose possess the property of preventing decomposition, is proof of which poultry is frequently suspended in the vaults, where it remains for years old, being at the present time hanging on the wall. The corpses bear no evidence of decay as in the case of Egyptian mummies, but carry on their countenances the appearance of recent death, except the dust of age has somewhat discolored them. There are about a dozen bodies laid out in coffins. The flesh feels like parchment, and the cheeks of an old countess, who had laid here four hundred years, looked quite plump. One is the remains of an English officer, shot in a duel ninty years ago, with a bullet hole in the breast and a shattered shoulder. A corpulent old general is still corpulent, and a dozen chickens hung up ninty years ago have their feathers all intact. The vault in which they lay is about thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide, and is above the ground, in one of the crypts of the church. There is nothing peculiar about it, and there seems no reason why it should preserve bodies from decay more than any other room in Bremen. The exhibition of these curiosities gives an income to the church of about twenty dollars per day, and is quite a valuable source of revenue. It is not everybody that can expect to be so remunerative after they have given up the ghost.

FORT SCOTT, Kansas, has been seeing a snake in the sky. *The Monitor* says: "The sky was clear, and the sun rose entirely unobscured. When the disk of the sun was about half way above the horizon, the form of a huge serpent, apparently perfect in form, was plainly seen encircling it, and was visible for some moments." The editor declares that he has the statement from two reliable witnesses, who are willing to make affidavit to the above. It will soon be time for a national prohibitory liquor law, if this sort of thing is to continue.

AN EVANSVILLE SPORT was the victim of a heartless joke recently. His companions counterfeited a letter from a young heiress, which said that his manly bearing had captivated her heart, and hoped he reciprocated. He threw away his tools, invested his money in new clothes, and presented himself to the lady, who indignantly told him that she didn't want a husband who looked like a crooked-necked squash, and if he didn't leave she'd remove his hair. He retired.

A GOOD RULE.—Back your friends and face your enemies.

THE SENTIMENTAL SUPPER!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

Sweet, the world is unforgiving—
What care we for pain?
Ruby-lipped and silky-lidded,
Kiss me once again.
Waiter, do not stand and gaze—
Here's a dollar! Go thy ways.

Try these fried potatoes, darling,
When you eat the quail:
I can spruce and the oysters
And the bottled ale—
Love's chance is grand, intense;
But with *supper* 'tis immense!

In your voice is Cupid chanting
Melodies divine;
Let me feel your bosom panting,
Press thy heart to mine.
Drink the wine in dainty sips—
I will drain it from your lips.

Saddened heart, the tears are starting—
Sorrow's crystal rain;
Blue-eyed beauty, though we're parting,
We shall meet again.
Tender loves like thine and mine
Do not die without a sign!

Shall we go? The night is fleeting—
Morning comes apace—
Drink once more to speedy meeting,
Love, one last embrace.
Through the portals with a thrill—
Now the parting—and the bill!

"DRIED UP!"

AN IDYL OF OIL CREEK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

Things were queer with the minstrel band that on that cold February day headed for the new El Dorada on Oil Creek, where the earth and rock secreted fortunes for those who sought wealth in the newly discovered petroleum. The manager himself was the seediest of the lot, because he practiced self-denial, and when there had been a few spare dollars in the treasury, divided them among those who made harmony with instrument and voice.

Byington's Minstrels were upon the verge of dissolution when they reached Corry; but from that time out, "all along the line," "victory perched upon their banners." The manager donned a new suit, the boys graced themselves with silk hats and gorgeous neck-ties, while the thoughful treasurer, a staid family-man, remitted weekly to his wife and little ones, way off in their Western home by the shores of the Father of Waters. In the hour of prosperity the toiling agent was not forgotten, and he who had billed the towns in the bitter cold and the driving storm came out with a new pair of boots in place of those through which his toes had so long been peeping.

From Corry to Franklin went forth the fame of the minstrels, even unto Alemagoozleum, Dog Town, Hog's Ear, Cash Up, Sand Pump, Scrubb Grass, Red Hot, Grease Spot, Stand Off, Jim Town, and other localities of even more remarkable nomeuclature. Nightly in the barn-like edifices called by courtesy Opera-house, Theatre, or Academy of Music, the sable harmonists were greeted with full houses, and the petroleum-perfumed notes flowed into the treasury as rapidly as the oil flowed and was pumped from the derrick-covered hills and mountains on either side of the river.

There was much rioting and dissipation in those days. Men who, never having had a dollar before in their lives, had "struck oil," came out in purple and fine linen, and made the money fly in a manner that would have caused a millionaire to stand aghast. Women who had worn the household calico cast aside "the hateful rags," as they now termed them, and in silks and satins, and diamonds too, played the peacock in the rays of smiling fortune. Petrolia was queen, and the earth unbosomed its thousands of gallons of the precious store to feed the saturnalia. Don't imagine that all "struck oil." Many sank their fortunes as they had sunk their wells, and many of those who had come filled with greed for wealth turned away heart-sick and sore, cursing their fate or burying the past in the shallow waters of Oil Creek.

In Oil City the band of wandering minstrels held forth in a tall building, which was built leaning against the rock as it fell. Its well it was first nature furnished such support, else it would long ago have tottered into ruins. Among the fair who sought the auditorium far up the narrow and rickety stairway, dimly lighted by the flickering ray of the kerosene, was Annie May, the belle of the new metropolis, admired by all that rough element which comprised the busy borough. In the band was a young man, a recruit to the minstrel ranks, and called by his fellow-performers Johnny Newcomer—a clever young fellow, with a fine voice and something of a desire to see the world. A combination of circumstances had caused him to leave the shop, and the measuring of tape and the folding of silks, that he might, instead, mask his face in the burnt cork, and join in the chorus of the "first part" with "The Great Byington Minstrels." It was Johny's habit to act the latter until the audience were seated; and a courteous usher he was indeed, especially to the ladies. When he came to seat Annie May, as good fortune would have it he placed her next to Cleveland Bill, a jolly sort of fellow, who boasted of large interests in flowing wells, and upon whom dollars had smiled abundantly. Cleveland Bill and Johnny had become somewhat acquainted during the day, and the gentleman from Ohio favored the minstrel to an introduction to Oil City's belle, the beautiful Annie May. Everyone in the band was "primed" and ready for the opening overture, before Johnny Newcomer realized that in the light of Annie May's bright eyes, and the seduction of her cheery converse, he had forgotten his duties.

That night, when Johnny Newcomer sang his "favorite ballad"—to quote the language of the puffy middle-man—there was "long and continued applause," as the critics say; and Annie May, the belle of Oil City, patted her little hands until they were quite red, and tingled with the punishment. The end-man acknowledged the compliment as a matter of course, as he always does, by rising and bowing profoundly, after which the audience responded to renewed demonstrations of approval. Annie May thought Mr. Newcomer a splendid singer, and asked Cleveland Bill's opinion. William from Cleveland, in jealous spitefulness, replied indifferently:

"Tolerable."

There was a commotion of hearts in Oil City that night. Johnny Newcomer dreamt of Annie May until the dawn of day. In his sleeping and in his waking, it was naught but Annie May, sweet Annie May. When the audience went out of the gloomy hall and down the steep stairs, the belle arm in arm of Cleveland Bill, although she would much rather have had the minstrel to keep her company up the steep incline to where she lived on Cottage Hill.

Annie May had her fortune in her face; her pa had not struck oil, and no rare gems decked her forth to tell fortune's tale. Cleveland Bill was a good catch; he had struck oil, and half the girls and all the managing mammas in the new aristocracy of oildom were casting nets for him. There is a power in wealth, and in its sunshine friends come to bask, and its gloss hides many an imperfection and closes the observer's eye.

Johnny Newcomer saw Annie several times before the band took its departure from the new city; but he could discern, unschooled as he was, comparatively, in the ways of the world, that she had buried her heart down in the depths of her soul with that bubbled forth the fortunes of William from Cleveland. Then, in desperation, he made furious love to Jane Spruce, a young lady from Red Hot, with hair of a pronounced auburn hue, and freckles prominently scattered over her retrousse nose. Jane was a sensible girl—pert and smart in her way—and, as the rough diamond—one of the natives who had grown up in the region long before the oil excitement had crazed the nation.

At last Byington's Minstrels went their way to seek wealth in the West. Fortune gave another turn of the wheel, and the surplus acquired in the oil country united away to meet the demands of the transportation companies, the landlord and the printer. The manager's coat again became the worse for wear, and the toes of the advance agent again greeted him through the holes in his boots. The treasurer's occupation was gone; he bade the boys a sad farewell, and went farther West to see his wife and babies.

Once again the minstrels steered their course for oildom, expecting to renew their triumphs of the past. But since their last visit to Petroleum there had come a change: fortunes made in a day had been wrecked in a night; wells that poured forth dollars, as it were, refused to further enrich their owners; and hundreds of derricks stood, ghastly tombstones, all along the river to mark the last resting-place of many a man's hopes of fortune.

There was a more substantial air to the towns; large hotels, fine halls, and grand

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information relied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

A. H., N. Y. City.—"During a game of fifteen-ball pool at O'Connor's, last Monday night, a" number (which was 5) was called by the referee, and accepted. I pocketed two balls, a gentleman came over to the table and asked what number was playing. The gamekeeper said No. 5, and the gentleman then said he was No. 6. The gamekeeper then insisted on spotting the balls that I had taken, and letting No. 6 play. I said that I had not made the mistake in playing the gamekeeper calling my number, and therefore was entitled to the balls. Was I right or wrong?"——If you pocketed the two balls at one stroke, you were wrong; if you played two strokes, you were right. The two balls should in the latter case have been credited to you along with as many more as you could pocket off that hand, and No. 4 should have followed No. 5.

M. C. R., Franklin.—1. Tom King defeated John C. Heenan at Wadhurst, Kent, Eng., Dec. 10, 1863. The number of rounds was 24, and the time occupied 35 minutes. King was knocked out of time in the 17th round, but the claim was made by Heenan's "umpire or seconds, nearly five minutes elapsing before time came to the scratch. 2. The majority ascribed his defeat to the effect of a "dosing" believed to have been received by Heenan early that morning.

SIXTH, Phila.—The Cunard steamers in coming from Queenstown to New York or Boston take a specified course for all seasons of the year, crossing the meridian of 50 at 43 deg. latitude, or nothing. In going out of 43 deg. 42 latitude, or nothing to the north of 42. The Philadelphia steamers take a more northerly course.

BILLIARDS, Bloomington.—1. Wormald had the best of the principals before "time" was called for the second. 2. Only one round was fought, the police arresting the principals before "time" was called for the second. 3. The fact of A's moving a numbered ball after it had been pocketed for a foul. The ball so moved should have been replaced and A continued.

A SUB, Philadelphia.—It would depend altogether upon his reputation and ability what salary he would receive—say from $25 per week upward. A dealer in magical apparatus could supply you. Little demand now for exceedingly good performers. He is an Englishman. Write to managers, or see them in person, to get an engagement.

HEADLIGHT, East Liberty.—Mr. McCullough was born in 1837, and made his first appearance on the stage at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 15, 1857. 2. Mr. Lawrence Barrett was born in 1836, and made his first appearance on the stage at Detroit, Mich., about 1854. 3. She is married.

A CONSTANT READER.—She had no certain star engagements in several cities, as she alleges that her manager allowed his own whim, while traveling to perform, in those cities to choose upon which she performed. 2. She will now be a member of the company named. Miss Agnes Leclercq is to supply her place.

S. L. L., Columbus.—1. Do not review the performances of the latter part of the previous week. Commence report with the performances of Monday, and mention everything up to date of writing, and all engagements for remainder of the week. Letters need not be mailed earlier than Saturday. 2. Copies of old bills received.

E. C., Watertown.—John Henry Conway is an Englishman. 2. There is no champion rider of the week. Each bookmaker can supply you. 4. Olivia Rand is in Baltimore, Md. Annie Wood is in this city. 5. They are both out, and it is immaterial which goes out first, as the dealer loses the game.

VIRGINIA.—You are not too old to commence the profession. The only sure way to obtain permanent success is to commence at the beginning. If you take instructions from a tutor, you may overcome faults which it will take you years to abolish. Consult some good manager in person, and state to him your desires.

O. B. Asbron.—We have heard nothing official in regard to the meeting of the Committee, in fact, it is now too late for any action to be taken by the Judiciary Committee. The general rule of the play of individual professional players for 1873 will be commenced as soon as we get the average statistics complete.

S. J., Boston.—It is pronounced with a short sound to the "i" in the first syllable, as if spelled mirr. 2. Knights template. 3. In case of a bet, we know of no better authority than THE CLIPPER. But it is not a good betting point, "authorities" being too nearly balanced. 4. Not commenced, but was raised several times subsequently. We decline to tell what amount she receives, and it is not a proper subject for discussion in this department.

M. K., Lawrence, Mass.—1. We advertise letters once. 2. The letter for F. H. C. was advertised in THE CLIPPER dated Nov. 15, and was sent for on that date (Nov. 15). It is dated. Entered in our books, 3. No; we leave the number of questions to the option of the correspondent.

ALAGAZAN, Lockport.—1. He used that title before he organized his present company of minstrels. 2. McKee Rankin, supported by his own company, acted in "Rip Van Winkle" at Aiken's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., nine nights, commencing March 31, 1873.

M. J. W.—1. Allbright is considered about nine feet. 2. The distance in running races varies from 50 yards; two-mile heats, 80 yards; three miles, 90 yards; four miles, 70 yards. 3. We do not know the circumstance you allude to.

R., Providence.—The ten-mile foot race announced to take place in your city on Thanksgiving Day is simply a scheme gotten up to make money. One of the men, at least, is no runner at all, though styling himself champion. Don't invest a cent, even in admission money.

H. D. F., Allegheny.—Ordinary cut-glass goblets are used. The quantity of water placed in each is to taste. A stick with a thin piece of rubber on it, moistened with water, is used.

L. H. M.—They should be ordered through some dealer in imported musical instruments, as none are kept on sale here. Second-hand ones have been advertised for sale in THE CLIPPER.

J. D. S., Hartford.—Had you read THE CLIPPER attentively you would have seen that for many weeks past we have published reports from your city, where we have a reporter or correspondent.

G. H. L., San Francisco.—There are now before the public several female performers who do the feats you name, and most of them have performed in Philadelphia. Frank Gibbons also performed the feat in that city.

J. R., West Medway.—There is no such rule in any edition of Hoyle we are acquainted with. It rests upon previous special agreement for a straight flush to beat four aces.

J. H. M., Newark.—There are no persons in this country entitled to be called champions of those lines of business, no contests having ever taken place to decide such questions. Many persons self-style themselves as the champions. Miss Clara Morris acted Mlle. Cora, in "Article 47." 2. About 28 and 23. 3. Not at present.

V. S., Little Falls.—The latest figures we can give are the estimates of, 1872; then the public debt of France was 17,500,000,000 francs, and in March of that year the national debt of England was 3,270,390,970.

T. J. L., Louisville.—Charles R. Thorne, Jr., McKee Rankin, J. Parselle, Stuart Robson, F. F. Mackay, the Misses Rose Eytinge, Eliza Weathersby, Emily Mestayer, etc.

K. K. K.—The Amateur Association will meet in Brooklyn in March, 1874. Mr. Alexander Waugh is secretary, but he will not be in town until the Spring. Address your letter care of this office.

CONSTANT READER.—The Mutuals are to have a nine in 1874, and they have thus far secured the services of Messrs. Matthews, Burdock and Remsen, and we presume that Hatfield, Higham and Nelson will play with them.

A., Fall River.—The time in the foot-race between Allison and Campbell, as given by our correspondent, was 13 seconds, but we do not know whether it was officially taken or not.

JOHN DWYER, Brooklyn.—The rank of General, which was created for U. S. Grant, and is now held by W. T. Sherman, is the highest grade in the U. S. Army. The next highest is that of Lieutenant-general.

B. McGINNISS, Hyde Park.—We have a regular correspondent in your city. 2. We omit the appointment of the rating match because we consider the time incorrect. The best time upon record is that of Hiatt, 28 in 1mn. 28sec.

I. J. A. S., Boston.—The value of straight and flush may differ. In some localities they beat two pair; in others three of a kind, and again in others they do not count at all. The rule of the house must govern.

HARRY, Philadelphia.—Edwin Booth made his first appearance on the stage after April, 1865, at the Winter Garden, in this city, acting Hamlet on Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1866.

NEW MARK.—The officers in command of Company I, Seventy-ninth Regiment, N. Y. S. M. (Highlanders), when they left this city for the seat of war, were Capt. R. F. Shillington and Lieutenants Fehr and Elliot.

BILLIARDIST, Mass.—1. The shot counts. 2. Address any of the billiard manufacturers who advertise in our columns. 3. Inclose return postage.

E. B., Macon.—1. Unmarried. 2. She is a good actress. 3. From $30 per week upward, according to ability. 4. About $2,000.

SPRING, Evenstyle Spring.—She is neither married nor engaged to be. Her father is living in England, and she has one brother.

ECCLES.—There are no recognized rules for the game of euchre with a joker card in. If you play it, you must make your own rules.

CHICAGO, No.—There must be a fresh deal, and B has the option of either dealing himself, or allowing A to deal again.

READERS.—1. The largest racecourse in the world is that at Newmarket, England. 2. Forty-five is the largest field of horses that ever started in a race.

H. E., Holyoke.—A loses, for he did not buy one of the cigars for 10 cents, but was obliged to purchase four to get them at that rate.

H. C.—Aside from the spelling, the broken Dutch is not up to their mark. The song would answer much better in plain United States language.

SUBSCRIBER, Ogdensburg.—It would depend upon the morals and stability of the performers. Say from $25 per week upward.

J. B., Washington.—1. If the jack or five fingers of hearts is trumped, then you must play the ace; but not if any other trump is led.

THE BOYS, Kent.—C had a right to throw away his small trumps to save his ten of diamonds. He is not compelled to lead the first card.

MAJOR, Dunkirk.—D and E must pay for the wine, as they lost on the first round, neither of them holding an ace.

C., Syracuse.—There is no count for game, as A and C tie. A has no claim to the count because he blocked the game.

T. O. L., Boston.—Yes; he can count in that way, provided that in playing *away* from the two reds he does not move one unnecessarily.

G. W. L.—When last heard from he was performing in the diamond regions of South Africa with a troupe under the management of Sanford.

W. F. H. H., Kokoma.—An advertisement might put them in way of it. We know of no regular place where they are sold.

FRED. A. T., Cincinnati.—The names of the successful competitors in the recent gymnastic and athletic tournament in this city were given in THE CLIPPER of Nov. 22.

W. L. H., Bridgeport.—Such a party called at present. A letter addressed to her in care of THE CLIPPER will reach her.

H. L. B., Polkville, N. Y.—We do not procure engagements for people. You had better apply to a dramatic agent, as per cards in another part of this paper.

EVANGELINE.—Yes; and D cannot claim a sight for their money under the circumstances, as they only have enough to see A's bet, and nothing towards C's raise.

J. SCHOFIELD, Dudley.—1. It will flourish about the same as usual. 2. There is no champion. 3. Send for it through one of our advertisers.

J. H., Cincinnati.—The officers in charge of the police precinct station-houses in New York have no authority to accept bail.

J. H., City.—The best single standing jump on record is 13ft. 8½in., by Ed. Searles of Sing Sing, N. Y.; running, 20ft. 7in., by Jack Howard of Bradford, Eng.

S. W. R., New Brighton.—You would probably improve by practice, but if you have a good situation we would advise you to keep it.

REGULAR READER, City.—The man receiving 1,800 votes would be elected if plurality governed the election, but not if it was decided by a majority.

LOTTIE.—It is not up to the mark. A little more care should have been exercised. Try again, and make it brief.

READER, Salt Lake City.—1. A wins the bet, as 1:42½ is the fastest one mile running record. 2. A loses the second bet.

WELL-WISHER.—We have already mapped out several numbers for our "Old Sport" series, but we will bear in mind your suggestion.

CLARION, St. Petersburg.—They are not throwing for money but money's worth, because the winner receives no cash for winning.

P. S.—At a sale of choice stock in Oneida County, New York, last Summer, a cow brought the highest price—$40,000.

C. McD.—In January, 1870, the national debt of France was 12,923,718,073 francs, and in March of the same year that of England £800,681,428.

A.—Your suggestions are sound, and your views accord with our own on the subject. The article will appear next week.

CYCLONE, St. Louis.—Send a written description of the trick and one dollar to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

H. G.—You are not obliged to beat your opponent's king with your ace, only when he jumps any Played, in which case you are compelled to head the trick.

E. S., Old City.—1. The fastest trotting time for one mile is 2.16¾, made by Goldsmith Maid and Occident. 2. We do not require one.

HISTORITER, West Philadelphia.—We can find no record of the horses named having ever trotted together at Suffolk Park.

BOB, Harrisburg.—1. A bowling alley should be 60 feet long and 4 feet wide. 2. Back balls and back pins do not count.

TRENTON.—The fraudulent concealment of the arrangement between A and B on the part of C makes the bet void.

BOSSON AND TAYLOR, Petroleum Centre.—Heenan weighed 175 lbs. the day he fought Tom Sayers. The latter's weight was never given, to our knowledge.

THOS. G. C., Fort Worth.—We issue credentials to amusement correspondents only, and then not for small towns.

CHRISTIAN.—Address a note of inquiry to "Any Catholic Clergyman, Hammondsport, N. Y."

J. G. I., Harrisburg.—Not being able to show credentials, managers should deny him admission. He is a fraud.

R. G. B., City.—A preparation of horse-radish and vinegar is good for the purpose, but the better plan is to consult some professional trainer, as it is long odds that you know no other. If the game is that known as the "call out," Otherwise the cards must be played until it is no longer possible to make a stand-off of the hand.

"JIM," Detroit.—It's failure to "call out" on his troops gives A the game.

J. A. E., San Francisco.—The time made in the Fashion-Peytona race at Long Island was 7:39¾; 7:45¾, 8:02¾.

CAPT. JACK, St. Louis.—D must deal again. C cannot be deprived of his beg.

KAPTER, Chicago.—He takes two points; one for a go, and one for the last card he holds.

NAILER, Salem.—Goldsmith Maid and Occident, each having a record of 2:16¾.

NAILER, Fair Haven.—Harry Bassett's fastest four-mile time is 7:54¾, made at Baltimore when three years old.

W. H. H. H., Lowell.—They are not for sale in this country.

WORTHY, Albany.—No horse of the name ever beat Goldsmith Maid.

DOGBERRY, Bangor.—The players at cribbage cut for deal be deprived of his beg.

KAPTER, Chicago.—He takes two points; one for a go, and one for the last card he holds

the players who participated in the New York games, Daly alone did not fall off in his general average; while as regards the best single average, only Daly and Garnier surpassed their last Summer's performances, Ubassy and the two Dions falling way below. Daly alone shows apparent improvement, and yet his grand average in Chicago was but 7.228-326, against 7.2-186 in New York—or no improvement whatever, when allowance is made for the fact that the games in Chicago were each 100 points longer than those in this city, which latter are here summarized:

	1st Inn.	2d Inn.	3d Inn.	4th Inn.	5th Inn.	6th Inn.	7th Inn.	Total.
Garnier	15| 1	40|6	9	49|15	12			113
Daly	18|5	49|7		2|18|6	9	21|3		62
G. Dion	17|6	1,34|5	7	100|17	6	110|20	28	77
Ubassy	14|1	2|2|8	8	76|14	6	117	11	98
Deery	14|5	88|2	6	12|14	5	N. R.*		79
J. Dion	19|0	1,07|5	12	1|9|0	10			64

* No record; not having made a full score.

.....Mr. Mathew Delaney of this city contributes $200 toward the prizes for the forthcoming jousts in Boston.....The Rochestrians Twitchell and Jeff. Fergusen are to play "French." 400 points up, for $150 a side, at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., during the first week in December.....Arthur Coste is spoken of as the next challenger for the Louisiana amateur championship.....The Apollo billiard room, this city, has been leased, we learn, and is to be converted into a minstrel hall for Birch, Wambold & Backus.....The telegraph recounts that in the play-off game between Garnier and Ubassy the latter felt aggrieved by two decisions given by the referee, and was with difficulty prevailed upon to continue the game. The decisions were purely as to questions of fact, it is proper to state, and there could be no appeal from them, unless it could be shown that the referee had good reason to entertain a bias; and as to this it should be explained that Ubassy was claimed as Chicago's representative in that tourney, and that the referee was himself a Chicagoan—Al. Smith, well known in sporting circles. The presumption is, therefore, that his rulings were correct.

THE PROSPECTS IN NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The Winter's programme in the Crescent City is thus foreshadowed by our correspondent "Lyricus," whose favor is dated Nov. 19: "The contemplated match between Messrs. Maggioli and Moore is not likely to culminate in a contest. Here is what has been done towards bringing it about. On Monday last, a Galveston gentleman now in this city stated that he stood ready to match George W. Moore, champion of Texas, against Frank Maggioli, champion of New Orleans, to play a couple of three-ball carom games, each 300 points up for $100 a side, the first contest to occur in Galveston, and the second in New Orleans. Several of Frank's supporters have signified their readiness to match him.....It is thought that Mons. Ubassy will pay this city a brief visit this Winter.....Charles Lacoume has contracted with Garnier for the latter to give a series of exhibitions here. Garnier will leave your city on Dec. 4.....Negotiations are pending between the same enterprising roomkeeper and Maurice Daly and the two Dions, looking to the appearance here of one of these three players in conjunction with Garnier.....This bit of gossip is current as to the recent amateur championship contest: 'After the recent defeat of John Miller by Frank Maggioli, certain of Frank's enthusiastic supporters talked about a fresh match of five hundred points, wherein John would be yielded the odds of one hundred points. John expresses an earnestness to renew the contest upon such terms for one or two hundred dollars a side, but, at latest reports, Maggioli's backers had not made good the proposed wager.'"

THE MASSACHUSETTS THREE-BALL TOURNAMENT.—A meeting of the Massachusetts Billiard Congress was held at the Creighton House, Boston, Nov. 18, for the purpose of making further arrangements for the three-ball tourney which is to be held in that city next month. There was quite a large attendance, including many of the leading players of the Hub, keepers of billiard rooms, and others specially interested in the tournament. The business transacted consisted of the adoption of the rules which were in force in the "international" tourney for "the championship of the world," as those by which the playing should be governed; the adoption of O. L. Briggs' table as the standard for use in the tournament and subsequent matches; the announcement that it was proposed to hold the affair in Bumstead Hall, the refusal of which had been secured for one week, commencing Dec. 1, day and evening; and the appointment of a committee, consisting of Messrs. L. O. Newhall, D. T. Pulsifer and John H. Flack, with full power to make the final arrangements. The prizes will probably be, first, the champion cup and $250; second, the billiard table; third, $200; and there may be a fourth prize. The entry list has been started with the names of Edward A. Kendall, John Hickey, B. Frank Dennison, John H. Fisck, David T. Pulsifer, John Peck, Clark E. Wilson, Lon Morris, Jr., and R. E. Wilmarth. This will necessitate the playing of thirty-six games. Arrangements will probably be made with prominent New York and Western players to exhibit their skill during the progress of the tournament.

SPORT IN BURLINGTON, VT.—A correspondent writing from among the Green Mountains under date of Nov. 21 says: "A match game was played last night in the Van Ness House, Burlington, Vt. (600 points, four-ball caroms), between Mr. Willie Dillon of Saratoga, and a Burlington expert, resulting in a victory for the latter. At the close of the game the score stood 600 to 588. Winner's average, 27.5-100; largest run, 132; Dillon's largest run, 81. A game at French caroms followed, of 100 points, which was won by Dillon, who averaged 3.1-25; largest run, 20. Dillon's largest run, 21; loser's largest run, 8. At the close of the game the score stood 100 to 68."

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF LOUISIANA.—John Cochrane, an attache of the St. Charles billiard room, New Orleans, La., ventured on the night of the 12th inst. to cross cues with Frank Maggioli for the amateur championship of Louisiana, as it is styled down that way. The game was played on a 4½x9 Standard, American table, and Maggioli, who acquitted himself of the excellent average of 6.18-47, was successful by a score of 300 to 194. The best runs were: Maggioli, 60; Cochrane, 24. The latter averaged 4.6-47.

GOLDTHWAIT VS. KIMBALL.—A Bath, Me., contributor writes on Nov. 21: "An exhibition game was played at Kimball's room to-day, the contestants being William Goldthwait and W. J. Kimball, and the score as follows:

Wm. Goldthwait.—156, 60, 141, 225, 9, 30, 27, 33, 54, 48, 6, 36, 133, 33, 7—total, 1,000; average, 66 10-15.
W. J. Kimball.—3, 3, 48, 15, 75, 45, 12, 15, 24, 111, 21, 54, 9, 18—total, 453; average, 32 5-14.

THE TURF.

THE LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.—The Fall Meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club commences at New Orleans on Saturday, Dec. 6, and continues four days. An attractive programme of sport has been provided, and the club anticipate a successful meeting. On the first day there is a hurdle race for a purse of $500; a mile heat race for a purse of equal amount; and the Slocomb Stakes for two-year-olds, $25 each, p. p, with $700 added, which closed with twenty-six nominations. On the second day there is the New Orleans Stakes for three-year-olds, $25 each, p. p., and $700 added, two miles, 20 entries; a two mile heat race for $800, and a mile dash, with 100 lbs up, for a purse of $400. On the third day there is a handicap hurdle race for $500; a three mile dash for all ages for $800, and a mile heat selling race for $750. On the last day there is a consolation purse of $400, one mile; the Howard stake for two year olds, $25 each, p. p, with $700 added, one mile, and a four mile heat race for $1,200. The Northern stables of John Coffee, and A. B. Lewis & Co., have already arrived at New Orleans, to assist at the meeting.

MATCH BETWEEN THAD STEVENS AND JOE DANIELS.—We learn that arrangements are being made for a match race of four-mile heats, for $20,000, between Joe Daniels and the victor of the recent great contest, Thad Stevens, to take place during the current month. The partisans of Joe Daniels maintain that he was badly managed and ridden in the two races in which he has met Thad Stevens, and attribute to this his defeats. Two New York gentlemen (Mr. Joseph Daniels, after whom the horse is named, and who owned an interest in him previous to his sale, and Mr. Brewster, both members of the original Monmouth Jockey Club) left this city for San Francisco on Thursday night last, and if satisfied that the horse retains his former speed and powers, they will at once match him against his conqueror for the above amount, and assume the management of the horse in his training.

A LONG RACE.—Our New England exchanges contain accounts of a race for $100 a side, to road wagons, over a course of about one hundred miles, between O. W. Bullock's bl. g. Black Nig, of Milton, Vt., and Thomas J. Coon's ch. g Stonepicker of Winooski, Vt. They were to race from the latter place to St. Lambert, P. Q., and both left the Phoenix House at 4:45 P.M., Nov. 13. At 4:57 they were neck-and-neck at A. J. Merrill's; at 6:11 they passed Milton, which is driving at the rate of 10¾ miles per hour, not being a road-gait for either horse. Coon came out ahead, reaching St. Lambert at 5:40 Friday morning. The odds in betting were in favor of Black Nig at about $100 to $80, hence some of the knowing ones who put their money up on the white-faced horse are considerably in. Mr. Coon's time was 12 hours and 55 minutes.

DEATH OF A BROODMARE.—The proverbial and persistent ill-luck which for a long series of years has attended the turf fortunes of Captain William Cottrill of Mobile, Ala., one of the most popular owners of racing stock in America, still continues; for on the last inst. his fine mare Sweepstakes, four years old, by Daniel Boone out of Lady Ciffe, and in foal to Lyttleton, died suddenly. A few days afterward he lost one of his finest sucklings by Daniel Boone.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FRANK TWOMBLY beat W. H. Owen in a foot-race of one hundred yards, for $200, at Fort Worth, Texas, Nov. 13. He won by about seven feet in 11 seconds, Judges, W. B. Boaz and A. B. Fraser.

THERE IS A LETTER in our care for Edward Mullen.

WRESTLING MATCH AT BOSTON.—Peter McConnon and John Noonan, wrestlers of local repute, tested their abilities in a match for $250 a side, collar-and-elbow holds, best two in three square back-falls, at the Avenue House, Boston, Mass., Nov. 18. In the first round, which lasted five minutes, after considerable sparring, McConnon secured a leg-lock, which his opponent finally got rid of by springing, in the act of which McConnon attempted to throw him over his head, but in the effort was caught by Noonan, who took him off his feet and threw him square on his back. In the second round Noonan made a feint, in the act of which McConnon tripped and threw him on his back. The round lasted two minutes and thirty seconds. The third bout was the longest of all, lasting eleven minutes, and was begun amidst intense excitement. It was begun by Noonan, who secured his opponent's left in such a manner as to almost bring McConnon to the ground. McConnon saved himself by holding on firmly to Noonan's shoulders, and thus secured his feet again before the latter could follow up the advantage offered. Both were much winded after the struggle, but worked desperately, keeping up a continual sparring, which resulted finally in McConnon taking Noonan clean off his feet and throwing him heavily on his back. The contest was witnessed by about 300 persons. James Murphy was referee, and William Donnelly and Robert Mooney umpires.

THE CHARTER OAK ASSOCIATION gave their eighth annual ball, at N. Y. Turner Hall, on Thursday evening, Nov. 20. For an invitation to join in the dance, we return our thanks.

THE RING.

MORE MONEY-MAKING OUT WEST.

The public of St. Louis, Mo., and other places not far removed, have again suffered themselves to be gulled by those who practice the art of pugilism almost solely for the purpose of making money, not caring whether it be obtained fairly or the opposite. Several months ago a so-called match for $1,000 a side was made between Ben Hogan—who beat Bob Donnelly at Fort Erie, Canada, in 1866—and an Englishman named Tom Allen, who has engaged in a number of battles in this country and his native land, none of which reflected less credit upon him than this affair, though he was in bad odor more than once before. That he is a good boxer, however, no one will gainsay, and all who were acquainted with the relative abilities of the two men at once came to the conclusion, for obvious reasons, that the whole thing was a put-up job to add to their store of lucre at the expense of their dupes.

Well, the match has been consummated, and the result is as had been expected—each man has received back his share of the stakes, and the excursion money has been divided between them and their steerers. The date originally set for the fight was Oct. 28, and the steamer Continental, which had been chartered for the occasion, left the wharf at the Mound City about 11 o'clock A. M., with about 1,500 people on board, from whom, it is said, $4,000 were received for fares. Having an insufficient head of steam on, the vessel was blown by the high winds prevailing, across to the Illinois shore—at least so report says, though it is most likely that other well-understood causes operated to produce this desired result. That such was part of the managers' plans is apparent, also, from the fact that a body of East St. Louis men were conveniently near where the boat landed, and immediately boarded her.

Neither of the principals was on board, of course, but the farce of arresting several of the leading men and the officers of the boat was gone through, all being released soon afterwards, while the disappointed and indignant crowd of excursionists were allowed to return to St. Louis, wiser but not richer men. Of course, everybody concerned in the conduct of the arrangements denied collusion with anybody to bring about this result; but nevertheless we have understand that nobody received back the ten paid for tickets, that not being part of the plan of the fighters and their associates in the match. Next day it was announced that the day of fighting had been altered to Nov. 18, and the *locale* to some place near Omaha, Neb. So thoroughly disgusted were those who had been swindled on the 28th inst., however, that but a corporal's guard went from St. Louis to the rendezvous, and when the train of five cars left Omaha, about 9 A. M. on the 18th, less than three hundred passengers were on board, all told.

The ring was pitched at Pacific City, about seven miles south of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and early in the afternoon the men faced each other. In the first round Hogan gained first blood and first knockdown, rather surprising even his friends by this seeming success. In each of the following rounds the Englishman, it is alleged, struck a deliberate and palpable foul, hitting his opponent twice in the pit of the stomach. The referee, Tom Riley of Kansas City, ordered the fight to proceed, whereupon, agreeably to the programme previously arranged, someone cut the ropes, and the affair was at an end. To shield themselves, each side charged the other with bringing about this result, but neither made any attempt to effect another meeting. The referee decided it a draw, and the final stakeholder, Jim Eagan, handed back each man the money which had been temporarily placed in his keeping. The result of this match has brought lasting disgrace upon each principal.

GEORGE ROOKE AND JIM COYNE.—The only pugilistic match now on the tapis is that in which the above-mentioned boxers figure as opponents, and which is arranged to take place within two hundred and fifty miles of Newark, N. J., on Wednesday, Dec. 3, rain, shine, snow or hail. Coyne made known to Rooke the place selected by him as the milling region, as also the house in which he has decided that the weighing shall take place, on Saturday, 22d inst.; but of course it would not be polite for us to disclose these secrets at the present time. Suffice it to know that the battle-ground will be within a few hours' ride of the metropolis. Both men look well, feel well and seem brimful of confidence in the power of their good right and left arms to carry them successfully through the coming ordeal, unaided by outside pressure. Rooke considers it advisable to pack up his traps and leave Greenville, N. J., on the 21st inst., and accordingly he and Butt Riley, his trainer, shifted to Newark, there to remain a day or two preparatory to seeking a more suitable location to finish training. Both parties will leave for the neighborhood of the scene of battle about the 29th inst. George has chosen as his colors a white silk kerchief, with a broad green border, while those of his antagonist will be an emerald green fogle, illuminated with four golden shamrocks, one in each corner, and a harp in the centre. Those wishing to obtain one or more, in the appearances of the approaching contest, can do so by addressing the principals, and inclosing the usual amount, $5. Coyne's address is No. 567 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; Rooke's, corner Bridge and Atlantic streets, same city. Tickets can also be procured there for the rendezvous. The final stakeholder is in possession of all the money.

A DISPATCH from St. Louis, Mo., states that Allen, one of the principals in the recent disgraceful pugilistic farce at Pacific City, Iowa, and Arthur Chambers and Tom Kelly were arrested on the night of Nov 21, on a requisition from the Governor of Illinois, for participating in a prize-fight between McCoole and the former in September. They were taken to Edwardsville, Ill., next day by Sheriff Cooper. Allen and Kelly gave bail in $5,000 each and returned to the Mound City on the 23d inst., but Chambers at last advices was in jail, unable to find bondsmen.

JAMES MCMAHON the wrestler writes us to the effect that the published accounts of his late hostile meeting with Johnny Murphy were incorrect. He alleges that the latter was the aggressor, that only one blow was struck, and that while he (McMahon) was seated, not expecting the assault. He states that upon rising and clinching Murphy, mutual friends interfered and prevented the affair going farther. Our previous information was obtained from Mr. Murphy, so that the versions of both parties have now been published, and the matter is resolved into a question of veracity between them.

ALLEGED FATAL FIGHT.—It is reported that a prize-fight took place about three miles from Streator, Ill., Nov. 13, the principals to which were Jack Lewis and Jim Rogers, miners, who agreed to settle personal difficulty by a resort to muscle, each side also staking $200. After fighting 36 rounds in 47 minutes, the sponge was thrown up from Lewis' corner, and Rogers was hailed the winner. The loser sustained injuries which resulted in his death on the night of the 14th. Such is the report, to which little credence is given.

JOHNNY HICKEY, to whose return to Gotham we have previously alluded, has been tendered a testimonial at the Apollo Rooms, No. 76 Prince street, on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 29, when his brother boxers have promised to lend their assistance to one of the old boys, who has more than once proved himself a good 'un in contests with the hare knuckles. He is announced to wind-up with Billy Donnelly.

PETE CROKER, the well-thought-of middle-weight, has secured the Apollo Rooms, on Prince street, just east of Broadway, for Monday evening, Dec. 1, when he will take a benefit, and give the boys a sample of his quality in a second meeting with Steve Taylor. He will also receive a helping hand from others whose ability as glove manipulators is well known.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Johnny Hickey and John McMahon.

BASEBALL.

THE BEACON CLUB RECORD.

The following are the averages of the players of the Beacon Club of Boston for 1873. The names are given in the order of best average of base hits:

	Times at bat.	*Base hits.*	*Average.*	*Put out.*	*Ass'd.*
Leeds, 3d b	49	18	3.67	31	25
Bradbury, c	138	50	3.62	158	29
Bowton, s s	125	44	3.56	154	30
Lamb, l f	146	49	3.35	59	12
Lovett, p	77	25	3.24	17	39
Sumner, c f	128	39	3.04	38	21
Miller, 2d b	57	15	2.66	42	16
Ernst, 1 f	90	23	2.55	33	21
Gray, p	88	19	2.15	19	28
Farmer, r f	61	12	1.97	17	3

The above played in a majority of the principal contests. It is noteworthy that Lamb has played in every game for the past five years. The club played in twenty-six matches, winning fifteen and losing nine, two being tie games; two of their defeats were at the hands of the Boston professionals. Bradbury won the prize for the best batting average in half the games played.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP PENNANT.—The committee on championship have not yet obeyed the rules of the championship contests which states that "the championship streamer shall be purchased by the said Championship Committee with the funds accompanying the applications of clubs (entering the arena), and they shall present the same on or before Nov. 15." The sum is $90, but no streamer had been awarded up to Nov. 24. The committee include two Philadelphia men—Dick McBride and Hayhurst—and one Boston man. It now looks as if the majority were bent upon keeping the pennant out of Boston. Decide one way or the other, gentlemen. The Bostons have won it squarely, we think. The Championship Committee have nothing to base their decision upon save the score of games actually played, won and lost, throwing aside the games of the Resolute and Maryland Clubs, as they did not fulfil the requirements of section 3 of the championship rules. The Judiciary Committee acting on appeals alone decides disputed and forfeited games, and if that committee fails to report on such contests the Championship Committee must act upon the games actually played only.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.—This club, in one sense of the term, is the oldest ball-playing organization in the country, the St. George's Cricket Club of New York being the next to it. The Olympics originated as a "Townball" Club in 1833, but they were not organized as a baseball club until 1860. On Thanksgiving Day the Olympics celebrate their fortieth anniversary. They will miss one of their old nine, Mr. Johnson; but the veteran Richards, and Messrs. Croasdale, Anspach, the brothers Bomeisler, etc., will no doubt be on hand.

THE PHILADELPHIA JUNIOR CHAMPIONS.—The prize banner for the junior championship of Philadelphia has been awarded to the J. D. Shibe Club of that city, the Mel Kurtz Club taking the second prize and the Mutuals of Germantown a prize bat.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CLUB of Philadelphia is the name of a proposed rival of the Athletic and Philadelphia Clubs for 1874. The name would give it a State fame. There is room for three clubs in Philadelphia.

TRIGGER.

TINKER VS. MYERS.—The pigeon match between E. W. Tinker of Providence, R. I., and Moses Myers of Belleville, N. J., for $500 a side, came off at Deerfoot Park, near Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 18. The conditions were to shoot at one hundred single birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, from H and T traps, with 1⅛ ounces of shot, according to the rules of the Rhode Island Sportsmen's Club. Though the weather was rather disagreeable, quite a number of professional and amateur trigger-pullers and their friends assembled upon the grounds, and watched the contest with much interest, the shooting being fine upon both sides. The odds in betting were upon Tinker, considerable money being wagered at the rate of two to one. The favorite won, killing eighty-two to his opponent's seventy-eight. The backers of the loser are determined to give him another chance, and a fresh match has been entered into, upon the same conditions, which is to be decided at the same place on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 25. Referee, P. R. Stetson; Judges—Ira A. Paine for Tinker, A. W. Van Valkenburgh for Myers.

AQUATICS.

THE FARRAGUT BOAT CLUB of this city held a meeting at their rooms, No. 93 Norfolk street, Nov. 12, when the following officers were elected to serve six months: Wm. H. Kassel, president; Wm. H. Halpin, vice-president; Ed. F. Farrell, secretary; Chas. Sayer, treasurer and captain; Henry Abhan, sergeant-at-arms.

THE NASSAU BOAT CLUB of this city is now officered as follows: Gen. Chas. Roome, president; A. W. Montgomery, vice president; J. D. Freeborn, secretary; Isaac P. Ludlow, treasurer; Frank G. Brown, captain; G. W. Scott, coxswain; John C. Babcock, J. H. Abel, Lindsey Watson and D. Appleton, trustees.

JOE SADLER AND ROBT. BAGNALL were, at last advices from England still negotiating for a match for the championship, and were just as far as ever from an agreement.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the National Amateur Boating Association are to meet at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 25.

DO YOU PASS THE "PROFESH?"

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLEY HARRISON, HUMORIST.

This expression comes to our ears in nearly every hamlet in the Union, and it is conclusive evidence to all that the profession is a large one. But the question is, What are we doing, or what can we do, to improve it and raise it in the favor of a world who have been taught to cry it down? Year by year it is receiving additions from a class of the community who have heretofore stood aloof as if it were a business contaminating in its mere touch. One after another follows, until at the present day we have embraced in our profession as clear intellects and as able politicians as honor any other branch of business in America. Year by year we *can* improve, and why not one and all try? We have in THE CLIPPER—and no one can gainsay it—a fully established journal in any older branch of business in America can command. That journal has a rapidly increasing circulation, reaching not only show people, but also all who are interested in a live and responsible paper. Its editor has labored in every conceivable way to elevate a profession which, but a few years ago, was held in despised.

There are a few things that come within reach of us all, and it should be the aim and pride of every showman in the United States to make the most of them. *Speak courteously.* It costs you nothing, certainly can do you no harm. There is an old saying, "You can catch more flies with molasses than vinegar;" and I know of none more applicable than this. What a feeling this "speaking courteously" carries to the outside world, you little imagine. This does not apply merely to menials—it applies to all. For instance, a few years since I was in the advance of our company (while the agent was sick), and happened to be advertising a town where a circus was giving its exhibitions. Common courtesy demanded that I should ask the proprietor the privilege of covering his then useless bills. This request was granted with the worst grace I ever saw, and a string of oaths of considerable length. I wanted some other information, but thinking I might find more agreeable information elsewhere, I approached one of the hostlers, who answered my questions in a courteous manner at once. Now, which was the gentleman? It is useless to ask. But think for yourself, reader, how many such cases have come under your personal observation.

It seems to be the ruling thought in the minds of nine showmen out of ten, that they are dealing with a pack of fools. Quite to the contrary. The whole is often on the other foot." The public are our customers, and must be treated as such if we want to keep a trade. Never mind how inquisitive they may be at times, they are the people who support us, and help us to care for "the loved ones at home." They need courteous treatment, just as much as you do at the hands of your printer, your butcher, or your merchant at home. Others have their troubles to bear, as well as you; and those that carry them lightly are the most respected, and receive the kindest treatment from their comrades, and a respect better than those who go round the country bulwragging and cursing everything and everybody they meet. I regret to say that such a one is sometimes more successful than the ideal, but in the long run the balance is in favor of the latter. There is something further than the mere matter of dollars and cents in this, as well as in other professions, and that is *honor*. When this generation has passed away, don't let it be said that the majority of showmen were vagabonds; but try yourself, and help others to try, to make it such a business in the eyes of mankind, that in the future we can refer with pride and pleasure to the fact, and, with hearts warming as we speak, point to *our names* on the "show list," and claim for that business that it is as honorable and as legitimate as any other in America. *Vive la* CLIPPER!

THE FIRST MEERSCHAUM PIPE.—In 1723 there lived in Pesth, the capital of Hungary, Karol Kowates, a shoemaker, whose ingenuity in cutting and carving on wood, brought him into contract with Count Andrassy, the ancester of the Prime Minister of Austria, with whom he became a favorite. The Count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a large piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity, on account of its extraordinarily light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must naturally be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Karol cut a pipe for the Count, and one for himself. But in the pursuit of his trade he could not keep his hands clean, and soon began a piece of sandpaper he became attached to his pipe. The clay, however, instead of assuming a dirty appearance, as was naturally to be expected, when Karol wiped it off, received, wherever the wax had touched it, a clear brown polish, instead of the dull white it previously had. Attributing this change in the tint to the proper source, he waxed the whole surface, and polished the pipe again, smoked it, and noticed how admirably and beautifully it colored; also, how much more sweetly the pipe smoked after being waxed. Karol had struck the smoking philosopher's stone, and other noblemen, hearing of the wonderful properties of this singular species of clay, imported it in considerable quantities for the manufacture of pipes. The natural scarcity of this much-esteemed article, and the great cost of importation, in those days of limited facilities for transportation, rendered its use exclusively confined to the richest European noblemen, until 1830, when it became a more general article of trade. The first meerschaum pipe made by Kowates has been preserved in the museum at Pesth.

AN OFFER DECLINED.—There is still living an old minister who has spent his long life in single blessedness. When he was somewhere about his prime a kind-hearted lady, thinking she had "A call to the Ministry," and deeply compassionating the minister's lonely state, generously wrote to offer him her heart and hand, and stating that she had recently dreamt that he had married her. In reply the minister gratefully thanked her for her offer, and thus wound up his letter: "I think, perhaps, it will be as well for me to dream too before I marry you."

A COLORED philosopher thus unburdened himself on one of woman's weaknesses: "Jim, de men don't make such fools of demselves about women as de women do about men. De men looks at de moon, dey see a man in it. If dey hear a mouse nibbling, it's a man; and dey all look under de bed de fust thing at night to find a man. Why, I nebber look under my bed to find a woman; does you?"

PEORIA papers report that every prudent resident of that equable climate carries with him, when he goes out walking, "an overcoat, umbrella, linen duster and fan."

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THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN,
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Every Evening at 7.45. Characteristic Act by
SPECIAL MATINEE THANKSGIVING DAY. SATURDAY MATINEE AT HALF-PAST ONE. On MONDAY, Dec. 1, the celebrated VOKES will appear in an original Dramatic, Musical, Legendary, Fairy Extravaganza, entitled
THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,
OR THE CRUEL UNCLE AND OLD FATHER TIME,
produced with new Scenery, Costumes and Grand Ballets, at an expense of over forty thousand dollars. 35-1t

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THEATRE, 585 BROADWAY, 587,
Opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.
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MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN EVER.
HOUSES THRONGED. EVERYONE DELIGHTED.
OVERWHELMING OUTBURSTS OF ENTHUSIASM
nightly bestowed upon each Artist.
ANOTHER GALAXY OF STARS THIS WEEK.
MLLE. ADELE DARE,
the most accomplished female gymnast in the world.
JOHNNY ALLEN, JOHNNY ALLEN,
the popular Dutch Comedian—the Original Schneider.
MISS NELLY PEIRIS IN NEW SONGS.
RYMAN ON THE CUBAN QUESTION.
JOHN HART, SAM RICKEY, MASTER BARNEY,
KETCHUM, QUEEN, SAPHIN AND WEST,
in new and original specialties.
A SLIPPERY DAY, BOUNCE, INTELLIGENCE OFFICE, ODD AND YOUNG. Songs-and-dances, Banjo Solos, and the new sensational Drama of CUBA AS SHE IS AND AS SHE WILL BE, cast with the entire strength of the company. Several new artists will appear next week. MATINEES Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons. GRAND HOLIDAY MATINEE on Thanksgiving Day. [1t

THEATRE COMIQUE,
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MR. JOSH HART.....Sole Proprietor
First appearance of the beautiful vocalist,
MISS SOPHIE ELMA.
The wonderful one-legged song-and dance artist,
MR. THOMAS MACKAY,
in his unrivaled Comique favorites,
MR. AND MRS. JOHN WILD,
MESSRS. HARRIGAN AND HART
in their original sketch, positively this week,
THE BLACK BALL
SAILORS,
new and original drama, produced the day, called
CUBA,
OR THE LONE STAR OURS.
A new and original sketch of New York life,
BUNKO,
OR THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.
THE CARROLLS,
NEW AND NOVEL SPECIALTY,
THE MCFADDEN FAMILY.
MATINEES
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY,
EXTRA. EXTRA.
ON THANKSGIVING DAY,
THURSDAY, NOV. 27,
A GRAND HOLIDAY
MATINEE
WILL BE GIVEN 35-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
WM. B. FRELIGH.....Manager
MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,
November 24, 25, 26.
The charming actress,
MISS LOUISE SYLVESTER,
in Fred. G. Maeder's successful drama of
N. I. P.

IMPROMPTU LINES ON THE PICTURE OF "VIDA."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY BINARD GOMEZ.

"Immortal Vida, on whose honored brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow!"—*Pope.*

I read the grandeur of thy mind,
Expressed by painter's lofty art;
E'en to the fetter'd smile that sticole
Upon thy face from out thy heart.
The little workshop that creates
All joys and cares, all loves and hates.

The language spoken by thine eyes
Finds echo in the ravished sighs
That swell with rapture, as they rise
From golden harp that e'er obeys
The magic touch of poet's wand
When admiration guides his hand.

Upon thy brow is beauty's seat;
Within the depths of those blue orbs,
And in the smile, is love's retreat;
Thy lip like cherry's blush absorbs,
And dreaming, 'tis (in passion bent)
So silent, yet so eloquent.

Thy subtile graces brightened are
By Intellect's omniscient ray;
And, poked with Beauty, Genius' star
Pins'd to thy brow, shines bright as day!
Framing its gold and sunny hair,
Setting with gems our tuneful lyre.

Vida, I envy thy striped gown!
The brilliant folds in careless grace
Fall soft, as woofs of cygnets' down,
And clasp thee in a fond embrace!
Pygmalion's prayer hangs on my tongue:
"Breathe, Image, breathe!" List to my song—
"Live, Image, live!"—wake from thy dream,
Wake to the song—Love is its theme!

THE TURN OF A CARD.

A STORY OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY VANDYKE BROWN.

CHAPTER XII.

WHICH IS WHOLLY IN THE PRESENT TENSE.

On one of the highways leading out of the city of New Orleans, standing back some distance from the road, a low-roofed, rickety-looking structure crowned the summit of a gently rising knoll. It would have attracted the eye of the passer-by for no conceivable reason, unless for the air of desertion and decay hovering about it. The short, square chimney seemed just ready to topple over onto the rotten roof; the small, dark windows stared like ill-natured owls out of a white face; and the tumbling-down steps gave no evidence of present usage. Had you approached nearer the house, however, you would have found the window-lights unbroken, and the door, a solid one, securely fastened. Let us enter the unsightly structure.

It is nearly evening. No light beamed through the windows facing the public road; but now, having passed the threshold, and come into the rear apartment, we find a comfortably furnished room, lighted by two candles resting on the mantle. In the centre of this room stands a table, upon which the remains of a meal are visible. There are two persons within the room. The one is a middle-aged negress, very black; the other is a beautiful young girl, very pale. The negress has a thin face, with the skin drawn tightly over it, wrinkled in places, and suggesting the idea of a garment that has seen a past generation. She has white teeth, so long and prominent that they are never hidden from view, because her lips do not meet; a piercing black eye, which never seems to look at you, but all around you in a searching and insufferable way. Her hands are long and bony, like the claws of a turkey, and her sable appearance forbidding and ugly. To glance from this figure to that of her companion is to turn from night to day; from Othello to Desdemona. There is no color in the fair face; it is white as marble. The lustrous eyes shine with a terrified expression; the small mouth is firmly set, as if to hide the quivering of the lip; and the shapely hand plays nervously against the arm of the chair. There is a clock in the room, and its slow, steady tick is the only sound that breaks the oppressive silence.

After a while the negress speaks. Her voice is cracked and hard.

"You better eat some o' dat victuals, now, an' not be foolish!"

The young girl makes no reply.

"Maus' Kendall he'll be mad if you don't take nuffin to keep you up—mind dat, now!"

The hand beats steadily on the arm of the chair; the lips are sealed.

"Never saw no one carry on so in all my life! You ain't gone and eat a single blessed mouthful of food sober since you come into dis house. Fust you know, you'll be down sick!"

The negress rises from her seat and commences clearing the table. The clock ticks on with monotonous regularity. Half an hour passes, and not a word is spoken by either of the inmates of the room. Suddenly, there is heard a loud knocking at the door in front of the house. The negress takes up one of the candles, and passes out to answer the summons. And now the small hand beats upon the table nervously.

In a moment, the colored woman returns, and, following close after her, Dick Delano enters the room. He is dressed with more than usual care. His dark hair is brushed away from the white brow with skilful art. His eye loses its wicked cunning, as it falls upon the face of the young girl.

"Still moping, Florence? I was in hopes to find you in better spirits to-night." He removes his hat and gloves as he speaks, and then turns to the negress: "Have you anything in the house to eat, Zara?"

"Yes, sah; kep' de table waitin' for an hour."

"I walked from the city, which accounts for my lateness. Get me something now; the walk has given me an appetite. Have you taken any supper, Florence?"

"I do not wish any!"

"But you ought to eat. It is simply folly to deny yourself necessary food."

"I do not need it."

"That is a folly you owe to nature!"

Dick seats himself at the table, and partakes heartily of the substantial repast which Lois has prepared. When done, he rises with a glass of wine in his hand, and offers it to Florence.

"If you will not eat, at least drink this. It will give you strength."

"I do not need the strength it gives!" and she turns aside the proffered cup. Dick drains it himself, and then turns to Lois, saying:

"Take the things away, and yourself with them!" The negress obeyed in silence. When she door had closed, Dick seats himself in the chair in front of Florence. For some moments he sits silently gazing upon the white face of the fair girl, and when he speaks his voice is low and full of tenderness.

"Dick, Florence, that you would not more like yourself—that you would seem less like a prisoner in the hands of a tyrant! You have nothing to fear: I tell you, as I have told you a dozen times before, that no harm shall come to you—no violence be shown you. Why can you not believe me in what I say?"

"Believe you!" and the lip curls scornfully. "After all that has happened, can you ask me that question?"

"All that has happened—all that may happen—comes from my love for you!"

"A strange kind of love, which renders miserable its object!"

"But you make yourself miserable. I would do anything in the world to render you happy—anything except to place you beyond the hope of ever calling you mine!"

"You can do one thing, and one thing only, to make me happy. Let me go from this strange place; let me return to my father's house!"

"No, Florence; I cannot do that. I have made a desperate move, and have staked everything that I might win your hand. Your heart I do not even ask. It shall be my life-long endeavor to gain that when I have made you mine."

A faint flush overspreads the pale cheek, as the young girl replies:

"You shall never make me yours, Robert Kendall! Never while I have the power of speech left!"

Dick is silent for a moment, and then says:

"Florence, you persist in a very foolish course. You are in my power; but I do not mean to use the power wantonly. I do not mean to be unkindly. You know very well the reason why I brought you here. You know the only motive that prompted me in acting so desperately, so wickedly, if you will, was the love I cherish for you. I am free to confess that a different motive from that which you suppose might more readily have won your good graces. But it would not have gained my purpose. Nor do I think to have remained beneath your father's roof—to have sought, by persistent strategem and artifice, to gain your heart. Knowing, as I do, that another had already won the treasure—to have gained my ground inch by inch, and played the hypocrite the while—to have done this, I say, I do not think would have been half as honorable as to take the one desire which I most prize. You must be mine, my love, Florence, before this. Such love as mine is controlled by no reason—all reason is under it; and yet I have acted with deliberation throughout. I well know that you would not have listened to a word of my passion, had you been free to turn aside. You scorn it now, but sooner or later you will surely give ear to it; not because you reciprocate any of its ardor, but because you will see it is the most sensible thing you can do. As I said before, I do not ask your love. I have never been foolish enough to think that you would bestow that upon the husband of what I have done. Give me your hand—that is all I ask. Sometime—it may be years, I know, but sometime—your heart will come too. I am willing to wait. All my thought and hope and aim in life shall be to make your life sweet. I will never, never, learn to love me, but you will bear it, knowing that for you I had done whatever lay in my power to prove the sincerity of my attachment. I do not attempt to justify my course by any argument. What I have done has cost me many a pang in the doing, and you believe me when I say it. Had my love for you been less intense—had it been such love as man usually bears towards woman—I should never have dared cherish so desperate a scheme; or had my nature been less passionate, I should never have carried out the scheme when once thought of. From the first moment I saw you, I loved you, Florence. I thought then to win your heart honorably, or not at all. I was ignorant of the fact that another had already won it. Weeks passed, and your image was always before me. Each day added to the flame which burned in my breast. I had deceived myself into the idea that in some measure, at least, your feelings towards me were akin to those I felt for you. The business which had called me to New Orleans was finished; and yet I lingered under your father's roof, because I could not bear the thought of separation from you. At this time I never dreamed of your engagement to another. When the announcement was made to me, my heart stopped its beating, my brain seemed on fire. I wandered the streets, late into the night, like one bereft of reason. My first impulse was to go to put myself forever out of your sight. You need not tell me that this would have been a thousand times more manly, more honorable, than the course I followed. I know it now, I knew it then. But I had not the courage to do it. My love drove me to desperation; I acted in desperation. The treasure, which was more than life or eternity to me, could not be mine—not mine by fair means. This one bitter truth came clearly to my distracted mind; and then came the thought, like a phantom—if not by fair means, win it by foul! At this phantom I shudded. I set to work calmly and patiently to carry out the thought. I drove from my mind all sober reason, all reflection of what would follow in the wake of such a step. To win you, Florence, was the one thought of my mind. To win you, I have acted in what you call the height of madness. But my love drives me to that madness. The moment you become my wife, that moment you return to you father's house. His deep affection for you will insure a speedy forgiveness for all that has occurred. I will have nothing to do but to bury your old love, and, if you wish, nourish a new one. Your life will be your own, and I shall know no shadow.

His closing speech only rudely looks for some expression of encouragement in the set face before him. All that he has said—the avowal of his love, the excuse for his conduct, the words of burning passion—have wrought no change in that face. She has heard it all, as in a dream; and, as in a dream, she speaks:

"Robert Kendall, when I met you first, I looked upon you as a friend and a gentleman. You came, in the guise of friendship, and partook of the hospitality of my father's house. You tell me that you loved me—that you love me now. When you learned that my heart was already given to another, you had not, by your own confession, honor enough to put down that love, but conceived the terrible plan which you have carried out, madly supposing that you could thus win my hand. I tell you now, as I have told you on every occasion that has presented itself since I have been imprisoned in this house, I never will marry you. I am in your power. Do with me as you will. The worst that you can do will not be worse than that which you propose. If I am doomed always to live this terrible life—if I am never more to see home and friends—even that thought is more bearable than the thought of wedding you. And I still have left one Friend, Robert Kendall, whose strong arm will not desert me—whose mighty hand may yet thwart your wicked designs. I beseech of you here, this night, to think of the end which must come some time—to give up this mad and treacherous scheme, which will bring misery to so many, which will bring only bitter remorse to yourself!"

She stops for a moment, and then her cheek flushes and her eye kindles, as she resumes, in a voice more defiant than before:

"Do you think that your threats or your persuasion will ever alter my decision? What lies in your power to do by brute force, I cannot prevent you from doing. But I shall be rescued from your hands, sooner or later. I have friends, Robert Kendall, who will rest neither night nor day till they have found me. Whatever wrongs I may endure will be avenged then—mark my words! And knowing you as I know you now, I would rather die a hundred deaths than marry you! I scorn your love—I defy you to do your worst!"

Her breath comes quick and hard; her face lights with its wonted enthusiasm and fullness of expression. Before the grandeur of her presence, Dick cowers like the craven he is. Her words gall him, but they do not rouse his anger. He responds to her in a tone which has lost all tenderness—cold and hard. He seems to weigh each word before giving it utterance. There attaches a terrible earnestness to what he says.

"Florence, I came here to-night to tell you candidly the cause which led me to bring you here. It was love—as deep and passionate love as ever was cherished. I have told you it all. You scorn my love: I expected that. You refuse me your hand; I expected that, too! But now listen. You speak of friends who will rescue you from your present position. In that you cherish a groundless hope. When your father returns from Baton Rouge, if he has not already returned, he will find a note in your handwriting, stating that of your own accord you have left his roof, in company with me."

"He never will believe it!" cries Florence passionately.

"He will certainly believe it," continues Dick, coldly. "The penmanship you would not yourself suspect as being another's. But that is not all which I have to tell you. Two days ago I was in New Orleans, has seen this letter, and has returned to New York with the love which he once bore you buried, beyond hope of resurrection, in the past!"

At these words, Florence Tucker gives one piercing shriek, and falls insensible at the feet of her companion. Dick raises her gently in his arms, and bears her to an adjoining room, where he places her upon a bed; then he calls to Lois, and, as she enters the room, says imperatively:

"The young lady has fainted. Do what you can to restore her. Let her have the best of care, and constant watching."

Then he goes hurriedly from the room, takes up his gloves and hat, and passes out of the door, which the negress locks behind him. He turns his face toward the lights of the city.

So this was the brilliant game which had emanated from the inventive mind of Rat! Somehow, it was not working as smoothly as that gentleman had predicted it would. The material in his hands was not clay, Mr. Richard Delano found. It was solid rock, that would not be moulded, and which threatened to render very dull his sharp weapon of falsehood!

CHAPTER XIII.

DOCTOR DE RIGT'S "PLACE."

Somebody has called Canal street the dividing line, in New Orleans, between France and America. Crossing this thoroughfare and entering the lower portion of the city, all the surroundings are Frenchy. One sees the low, wide-gabled houses; the open porch, where on pleasant evenings sit the easy-minded Creoles, and talk over bits of gossip, family matters, the prospects of the cane-crop—drawling, meanwhile, mild enjoyment from their mild cigars. And one sees, too, the delicate features and the rounded forms, which are not common among American women—the rich-skinned, dark-eyed maids of this brilliantly distinctive race. There is a dreamy sort of atmosphere hovering about the city here—a sense of quietude and calm repose—an air of tranquil ease, which never seems ruffled by the breezes of passing events.

What Paris is to the heart of the Bohemian, New Orleans is to the heart of the Creole. Here he finds meat and drink, soft climate and gorgeous tropical plants, simple amusements, congenial neighbors, and an abundance of red-wine. For nothing more does he crave. The stars and stripes, or the stars and bars, might wave above him—concerns him little. The land might crimson with wars—if the smoke does not get into his eyes, it is of no interest to him. The Utopia of his heart is Quiet. He lives contented and happy, with no dreams of greatness, no reaching ambitions. He smashes his hat in as he attends mass on a Sunday morning, and goes to the theatre in the evening. He does not consider himself any the worse for either! Wealth is a burden to him; patriotism, a name. Yet he loves the land of his birth as he loves the sweet life it gives him, the life which is Poetry! In all these aspects is he different from his American neighbor, who dwells on the upper side of the dividing line. There, are activity, thrift, industry, striving, contention, noise! There, is the ready-tongued son of Columbia, whose expressions are given with unceasing positiveness between the ceaseless squirting of tobacco juice, whose life is hurry and worry and matter-of-fact Prose. Canal street forms the channel where these two diverse elements of the city's population mingle most freely. Here may be seen the haughty planter's daughter—the still comely planter's wife, who shone once, perhaps, as the belle of Last Island—sad-fated Saratoga of the South! Here the pretty Creole girl flanches herself in Paris, and sees, in the handsome shop-windows, the reflection of the Rue de la Paix.

Here too, a dozen years ago, could be found the popular and famous resort known as "Doctor De Rigt's;" or perhaps more familiarly, "The Doctor's Place." The "Place" consisted of a bar-room on the first floor, where a superior article of wines and liquors could be obtained; a restaurant in the rear, where sundry and savory French dishes were served at moderate charges; two billiard tables on the second floor—ample size, and containing six capacious pockets each; and a door, leading from the billiard-room to the third story. There was something very peculiar about this door, to anyone not acquainted with the "Place." It was always locked. And yet it was constantly swinging on its hinges, to admit the Doctor's particular friends. Or all who passed *through*, however, no one passed *out*. The *habitue* of the "Place" would saunter up to the door, grasp the heavy knob, and step over the threshold, disappearing from sight. In an hour's time, perhaps, you would see him drinking a cocktail at the bar below. But how he got to it, was one of the peculiarities of the "Place." And the fact that a stranger invariably found the door locked, although it had opened but a moment before to admit somebody else, was another peculiarity. These things, however, became apparent to you when you had made the acquaintance of the Doctor. If not over-pious nor over-poor, you very soon learned the secrets of the establishment from the lips of the proprietor himself. A small spring, pressed by the finger, while the hand grasped the knob, was the secret of opening which opened the door. A stairway, leading from the third story to the rear of the restaurant, gave a private way of egress, without passing through the billiard-room. This ingenious little arrangement of the knob served as a mere of a temptation for the visitors. The visitors possessed of the Doctor's "Place." If one approached the door cautiously, and endeavored to open it in an ordinary manner, by turning the knob around, the attempt was indicative of positive greenness. If he walked up boldly, on the other hand, and failed to effect an entrance, because of not knowing just where the spring was, yet knowing that it was there, he showed only negative greenness. The keen-eyed gentleman, who neither approached the door cautiously, nor failed to have his efforts at opening it, showed no greenness at all.

One of this latter class entered the Doctor's on a certain Saturday night, passed from the bar-room to the billiard-room, and from the billiard-room through the door way. Let us follow him as he ascends the stairs. The apartment into which we are shown is a handsomely furnished room, occupying the whole of the third floor. The carpet is Brussels, of handsome pattern, though somewhat worn. The chairs, mahogany, are elaborately carved and profuse in number. A dozen or more tables stand ranged around the room—these tables are small, with marble tops. A larger one, with green covering, occupies one extremity of the room. At the opposite end, a mirror reflects the scene, made brilliant by the numerous burners on the chandelier.

On this Saturday night of which we speak, the Doctor's "Place" was filled with visitors, the greater part of whom found their way to the third-story apartment. There, in the seclusion afforded, one could stake his checks on the turns of fate, indulge in propensities at a game of poker, or take his chances in red-and-black at rouge-et-noir. Not all, however, who entered the room engaged in "business." A goodly proportion visited the Doctor's simply to watch the playing and partake of a glass of wine. Possibly this was all that induced the keen-eyed gentleman we have followed to ascend the stairs and seat himself at one of the tables. It is certain that he did not seem desirous of entering into any of the games. He kept his chair very quietly and very persistently for half an hour, and rose from it then only to beckon to some acquaintance that had entered the room. The gentleman thus motioned to at once approached the table and took a seat. We recognize in him an acquaintance of ours, also—Mr. Richard Delano.

"I thought I should find you up here, Rat. Lively to-night, isn't it?"

"Dick," said Rat, in a low voice, "you're running a devil of a risk when there's no need of it."

"How so?" demanded Dick.

"By coming into a place like this without disguise."

"Who is there to know me here?"

"There may be someone: it's deucedly dangerous! And, more than that, it's dangerous to remain anywhere around New Orleans."

"Nonsense, Rat! You're getting over-cautious. I don't stir out except at night, and then I'm careful to keep in shady places. Don't fret about me!"

"But I tell you, Dick, after making such a blunder as you did with that picture, you've got to play with care. You can rig yourself up, just as well as to come out in that shape!"

"Well, Rat, to please you, the next time I appear in public I will 'rig myself up.'"

"Do! Have you got along any yet?"

"Not a peg! I just left her, having administered the final dose. I'm inclined to think it will work well; but 'twill work slowly. She fainted when I told her Mayo had been here and left. I suppose he hasn't left, has he?"

"I don't know—am going to find out Monday. Will let you know then."

"Do now—think they are doing anything?"

"Can't say. It's best to be cautious, at any rate. I think you had better get away from this vicinity; the sooner, the better."

"But I tell you, Rat, it is impossible!" You talk about being cautious. Now, the most incautious thing which could be done would be to try and move from present quarters while Florence is ready to alarm anyone she might see. It would be utter folly!"

"But," argued Rat, "if they have put the matter into the hands of a 'cop,' and primed him with that picture of you, it is worse than folly to stay where you are, and to show yourself, as you're doing here, in public places!"

"They'll never do that, Rat," returned Dick in a confident whisper. "It would make the affair unpleasantly public. Besides, there's the letter—they'll never dream of doubting that."

"Perhaps they won't, and perhaps they will," was Rat's meditative rejoinder. "If they do, they'll surely make it hot! There is dust to back them—and dust is a trump card to anyone!"

This sage bit of reflection, spoken impressively for his companion's benefit, reminded Rat that his own supply of "dust" was somewhat limited at present, and suggested the propriety of an effort to increase the stock.

"As I said, Dick," he continued, "I shall find out how things stand by Monday, and will post you as soon as I do. You had better not stay here any longer to-night; come around Monday evening, and I'll meet you. Mind that you rig up!"

"All right!" said Dick, rising from his chair. "You going to remain here?"

"Yes—to do a little something."

"Well, you success, Rat!" and Dick sauntered toward the side-board, helped himself to a glass of wine, wiped his moustache daintily with a clean handkerchief, and disappeared through the doorway leading to the restaurant. By a piece of forgetfulness, he left the clean handkerchief lying on the marble slab which held the wine.

He discovered his loss on reaching the street, but deemed it too trifling to be worth returning for.

The loss proved not so trifling as he deemed. It would have proved not trifling at all, had he returned to the Doctor's that night. For just as Dick Delano passed down the stairway leading to the restaurant, a ruddy-faced, merry-eyed individual stepped into the room from the opposite entrance, cast a good-natured but searching glance at the faces of those about him, and then seated himself unobtrusively in one corner, and there remained, he remained quietly for some moments, rising at last to get a glass of wine. In doing so, the merry eyes of this genial-faced gentleman fell upon the clean handkerchief left lying on the slab by Dick Delano. They saw also, upon one corner, elaborately embroidered, which the handkerchief bore. What right had the owner of the merry eyes had to take up this handkerchief, examine it carefully, and then place it safely within his own pocket, might not have been apparent to the general observer. But the motive which prompted Tub Caton to do a great many things in this world was seldom apparent to the general observer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOWDER'S ADVENT BEHIND THE SCENES

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Lowder was an inoffensive little fellow, with thin red side-whiskers and a hook nose, which latter was very convenient, considering that he habitually wore eye-glasses and these would frequently dropped astride of the hook, like a pair of saddle-bags thrown across a mule. Lowder was twenty-three, and sold paper collars, etc., in a little store near the theatre. Lowder's small salary would not permit of his visiting the theatre very often; but he constantly kept a volume of Shakespeare on the counter, and if a customer entered he was sure to find it opened at "Richard III."

Now, Lowder's greatest ambition was to go behind the scenes and witness a performance; but how to get there he knew not. At last an opportunity presented itself. One day he was seated in his chair before the stove, reading his favorite play. It was a cold, stormy day in December. The wind was howling outside, and Lowder was howling inside. He was just at the lines, "Then, since the heavens have shaped my body thus, let hell make crooked my mind to answer it," when a deep, sepulchral voice at his elbow muttered:

"What! at your book so hard? I disturb you."

"Give me another horse!" shouted Lowder, thinking the voice was that of the King before whom he was behind him; but on looking around he discovered, instead of that ghost, a member of the company of the neighboring theatre. Lowder hastily put down his book, and, rather confused to think he had been reading before an actor, he heedlessly trod on his dog's tail. The dog yelped and turned and bit his teeth in Lowder's calf. Lowder grasped the first thing handy, which happened to be the precious volume, and threw it at the dog's head; but the canine, being the quicker, dodged the book, and it went flying past directly into the fire, where it was entirely consumed. Lowder rushed for it, but too late. Seeing it was irretrievably lost, he said mournfully, "Down, down to hell, and say *I* sent thee thither!" Then, remembering his customer, he hastily apologized for his delay, and asked what he could report that he have.

"A piece of pasteboard to make a crown for the King of Denmark," was the reply.

"A piece of—er—what, to make—er—what?" stuttered Lowder.

"A piece of pasteboard to make a crown for the King of Denmark," repeated the actor.

"Pasteboard for a king?" hesitated Lowder.

"Aye, every inch a king," quoted the player; "and I would have it suddenly performed! Now, cousin, canst thou answer me?"

"Noble sir, your Highness' pleasure," mechanically answered Lowder.

"About it straight, good Firrel."

"Conclude it done, my lord."

During this little scene Lowder fumbled about under the counter, and at last procured the desired article. Hardacue (which, by-the-bye, was the name of the actor, who was the heavy man of the Aleppo Theatre) inquired the price, which Lowder protested was nothing. It was a pleasure, he said, to give anything of the kind for the advancement of art.

"You seem to be a student of Shakespeare?" said Hardacue.

"Yes; a—that is—a—somewhat."

"Have you ever attempted the stage?"

"No; a—that is—in fact—no, I think not; but I would like to go on once to—just to—er—a—see, you know."

"Well, if you would like to do so, just call at the stage-door, at seven to-night, for Mr. Moneysal, and he will give you a dress, and you can see the piece without any inconvenience. I will mention you to Mr. Moneysal, and it will be all right. We play to-night 'The Haunted Hovel, or the Mysterious Toothpick's Revenge,' and to-morrow 'Hamlet.' Adieu, adieu—remember me!" and Hardacue withdrew.

Promptly at seven that night, Lowder might have been seen standing in the entrance to the theatre. He inquired for Mr. Moneysal, who soon approached, and, telling the grouty old doorkeeper it was all right, ushered the bewildered Lowder behind the scenes. After crossing the stage, which was very much in the light, and passing a game of poker at the O. P. side, he was told to go down stairs and turn to his right, and go into the room there, and to be very careful and not rouse "Old Gripsack," as he was fastened with only a small chain, and was very fierce when roused from a sound sleep. Lowder did as directed, and, trying to grope his way in the darkness, in just what particular corner "Old Gripsack" was located, and speculating as to whether he was a man, a dog, a lion, or what. Presently his hand grasped a rope, which he retained for a moment to help guide him; but when he was startled by a moan, or a howl—he did not know which, and as he could not tell from what direction it proceeded, he did not know which way to run. He thought he had roused "Old Gripsack," but in reality it was nothing but the wind-bag, which he had turned by pulling the rope. Lowder soon recovered his presence of mind and went on, and was delighted at last at encountering a door, which he opened.

It seems that in this play of "The Haunted Hovel" to which Hardacue had given the additional title of "The Mysterious Toothpick's Revenge," the villain of the piece was discovered by the loss of a gold toothpick—there was a ghost scene, in which several skeletons were required to move about the stage and to point their fleshless fingers at the murderer. As numerous conversations between the heads of state were required to perform the feat, suits were made of black tights, with white strips of cotton sewed on to represent bones; and these suits, at the time of Lowder's entrance, were hung on wooden pegs in the "supers'" room.

Lowder was the first "super" to arrive that evening, and as gas had not been turned on; so that when he entered the room, trembling from his late fright, he nearly fainted from this second shock. He hastily shut the door and was about to retreat, when a man came down the stairs, turned on the gas at the lock, and approached Lowder. The latter rose to his full height, looked ashy white. The man asked Lowder what was the matter.

"N-n-n-n-nothing," stammered Lowder. "O-only I m-made a m-m-mistake in the d-d-door."

"Why, my dear fellow!" inquired Moneysal.

"Into the f-f-family t-t-tomb, o-o-oh!" replied Lowder, shivering till his teeth chattered so that the sound was like that made by the tail of a rattlesnake.

I wish I could represent in type the laugh of Moneysal. It was not a ha-ha-ha, nor a ho-ho-ho, nor yet a haw-haw-haw, but a mixture of all three. At last, seeing that Moneysal laughed so long and heartily, Lowder summoned courage, and a sickly smile twitched the muscles around his white lips, at which Moneysal laughed the louder. Having enjoyed the joke to its fullest extent, Moneysal went into the room, turned up the gas, and went to one of the pegs, and took from it a skeleton suit. Tossing it to Lowder, he said, "Get into that," at which Lowder began to go on once to—a—just to—er—a—see, you know."

"Well, if you would like to do so, just call at the stage-door, at seven to-night, for Mr. Moneysal, and he will give you a dress, and you can see the piece without any inconvenience. I will mention you to Mr. Moneysal, and it will be all right. We play to-night 'The Haunted Hovel, or the Mysterious Toothpick's Revenge,' and to-morrow 'Hamlet.' Adieu, adieu—remember me!" and Hardacue withdrew.

"Cheese it, and give us a rest," muttered one of the "supers" as Moneysal went out of the room. Lowder thought it a good joke for a fellow to dare to say that to the captain, and he felt it incumbent on him to show that he appreciated the humor of the joke. So he attempted one; but, missing the key-note, he squeaked a weak "he-he-he," at which all the other "supers" in the room stopped dressing to stare first at one another and then at poor Lowder, who felt he had made a mistake.

"Hello, Cully!" at last remarked one fellow, who was to be a devil. "I didn't see yer before. My name's Pie-alley Jake. What's yours?"

"Lowder," replied that individual.

"What's your name?" repeated Pie-alley Jake.

"Lowder," again he answered.

"*What the devil's your name?*" shouted Jake.

"I told you twice—Lowder! Shall I spell it for you?"

Jake hunted up a piece of an old programme, and after vainly asking every one of his companions for a pencil, at last found an old cartridge, with which he wrote "What's yer name?" on the back of the programme, handing it to Lowder, who glanced at it, and immediately shrieked—"LOWDER! LOWDER! LOWDER!"

Jake was at his wit's-end. What to do he did not know. He could not tell how he was to write his question any louder, and, besides, he did not know it required to be loud for a person to see it. At last he fixed it by quietly thrusting the cartridge into Lowder's hand, while he laid the programme on the bench and made a motion for Lowder to write.

Lowder did as requested, and everyone looked at him and then at the autograph, and burst into a roar.

"There! does that suit you?" rather testily inquired Lowder.

At this moment Moneysal entered and told all hands to be in readiness for the second act sure, and then he retired again. This time, instead of a remark, it was a skull that was hurled after him. After Moneysal's departure, the old "supers," as if by instinct and without preliminary arrangement, started a game on poor Lowder.

They commenced talking loud among themselves, purposely for Lowder to hear. Something of this kind was the subject of their dialogue:

"I say, Jake, did yer carry that box of wrinkles to old Thornton?" Thornton was the comedian.

"No; I forgot all about it. Here they are now, and he wants them, and I can't go. I aint dressed. You take 'em up, will yer?" inquired Jake.

"I aint dressed either, and he is in a blasted hurry, too. Say, send this new ghost up. Yer'll go, won't yer?"

"Certainly," said Lowder, thinking to conciliate them.

"That's a good fellow! Here they are. Take them up to Thornton's room and tell him it's that box of wrinkles he wanted," said Jake. "And say, on the way back ask the stage-carpenter for that 'precipitate' he was going to give us."

Lowder started on his errand, pleased to think he should speak to the celebrated comedian. He ascended the stairs, dressed in his skeleton costume; and thinking he must cross the stage as he did before, he forgot the circumstance that the curtain was up, and walked deliberately on to the stage. He was made conscious of his mistake first by a roar from the front of the house, and secondly by a stage-brace being screwed into the seat of his tights, the point of which stage-brace was in rather too close proximity to his flesh. He uttered a shriek and threw up his arms, and being at the same time pulled back by the relentless stage-brace, he sat down in a throne-chair, the seat of which was made of brown paper. This chair had been placed over an open trap, through which Harlequin was to descend. Instead of remaining seated in the chair, Lowder instantly sank through it. Doubling up like a jack-knife, he shot out of sight, and fell plump on a little knot of stage-carpenters, who were asleep on a mattress, waiting for their cue to hold the mattress up for Harlequin. Lowder was thunderstruck. He gazed about him in speechless amazement, and, inquiring the way to his dressing-room, he dragged himself to it. As he entered, all the boys set up a shout, and one made the remark that "he was the scaliest-looking ghost he ever saw." And indeed he was.

In coming through the throne-chair he had almost entirely lost one side-whisker by the powder which had been arranged around the chair to give to Harlequin's feat the appearance of a disappearance in flames. His tights behind were torn from him, and the blood flowed in a stream from a fearful gash made by the brace. Pie-alley Jack and another fellow helped him to dress, and escorted him in safety to the stage-door. As they were about to leave him, he suddenly rallied, and, turning to Jake, said faintly:

"*I lost the wrinkles!*"

This was Lowder's first appearance on any stage, and I am constrained to fancy it was also his last.

Boston, Nov. 12, 1873. DOM CARLOS.

HABBY DOUGHDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY WARD WOOD.

Somedimes vhen der nighds vos oful long,
Und you don'd kin shleeb a vink,
Dot vos der dime vhen your doughds shumb up—
Und you quick pegun to dink.
Oh my! vhen you vos laying dhere
Midoud much covers on,
Your doughds vos sure to vent righd pack
To tays vot's come und gone.

You lay righd dhere mit eyes shud ub
So dighd as dhey could be,
Und see yourself a paby poy
Upon your mudder's knee,
Und dinking dhere vos nefer vos a vish
Dot you vos not gontendt,
Und dink dhere nefer vos some schild
So smard like you pefore.

Und dot goot old gross-mudder,
Vot vore dot funny cap,
Und all dot dimes filled you so full
Mit kisses—und mit bap—
You see her now, like she vos dhen,
Dot goot old friend by you.
Who always dook your bard dhem days,
No madder vot you do.

You see dot goot old home again,
Mit all der old dings dhere—
You look around you, und you see
Kind faces eferywhere.
Und dhen you go to shleeb, und dream
Of dot old schildhood home;
Und dhen you vake ub to life again,
To find yourself alone.

SPORTS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NO. V.—FASHION'S REVENGE.

A somewhat remarkable fact connected with the Peytons and Fashion match, described in No. 3 of this series of sketches, was that the vast majority of losers fell upon professional gamesters; for although the attendance of habitual turfmen was large, but very few invested to any considerable amount, save on the question of time. The "legs" lost heavily, being egregiously duped by an unconstitutional trick, of which they had not made, as a private trial, and in her ordinary shoes, over Mr. Stevens' training course, just prior to the match, the unprecedented time of 7:28½—a rumor that surreptitiously found its way into the leading sporting journals in the shape of a "scratch" race, and that was credible, although this track was known to be seventeen feet over a mile. Any reflective individual would have seen at once seen that this amazing time could have been reduced, had the mare worn racing plates, to a near approach to seven minutes. Nevertheless, professional gamesters, in the blindness of enthusiasm, "went their pile" either that the previous time of Fashion would be beaten, or that less than 7:40 would be made, be the victor which it may.

Although the palm of triumph was awarded to Peytons, she emerged from the contest in a somewhat sorry plight, being footsore, with her hoofs injured, it was reported, by the lightness of her plates. It was evident that she had been forced to her utmost, although she had started in full flesh and condition, while Fashion, had she been in her usual trim, would have exhibited none of those symptons of distress that she did, and that were never before apparent in her races. It was understood by the contestents that the match could be repeated, if desirable, on the ensuing day; and this second heat was at once demanded by the friends of Fashion, whose confidence augmented as her trainer avowed that her condition was improved by the ordeal through which she had passed. Nevertheless, as the state of Peytons was not such as to warrant the mention you to Gilpatrick's; and Gilpatrick was then commonly conceded to be the very best representative of the Northern jockey. To the vulgar eye, Barney's distinguishing feature was his long hair hanging in massive iron-gray locks over his shoulders, imparted to his head, while he was riding the long-striding child of Giantess, somewhat of the appearance of a dery comet with streaming tail. Barney, on the morning of Peytona's defeat by Fashion, made his appearance not only clean-shaven, but also, like Sampson, shorn of his locks. But his transformation, so far from having been wrought by a Delilah, was wholly due to his having religiously fulfilled a vow, made on the evening he had been made, that his hair should never be cut until Peytona had beaten Fashion. Despite his singular manner and the oddity of his looks, Palmer was a good-natured, pleasant fellow, who during his career became the recipient of many handsome presents, including a diamond pin, a purse of money, etc., from small-fry bettors, who had won through taking the odds against time, resolved upon evincing their gratitude to Barney for having put stray money into their pockets. Some hundreds of them clubbed together and had the pleasure of presenting a hold-some, practical, admission to which was limited strictly to gentlemen of their peculiar class, accompanied by ladies of the *demi-monde*. The "Peytona Ball" was announced, at which the presence of the victorious jockey was guaranteed. Although the dancing should been closed, as well as the doors of the habitual terpsichorean temples, still a dancing saloon was obtained. Strange to state, although the tickets were put at a very high figure, they were with difficulty to be obtained, so eager were the fe-male dependents of the circle of "Dolly" to catch a glimpse of the little old man in "blue velvet and green." The hero of the ovation came on time and danced the opening quadrille, whereupon, becoming acquainted with the characters, male and female, surrounding him, he incontinently left the track, and was seen no more from further view. The merry dance, however, went, and until the harmony of the reunion was disturbed through the introduction of a free fight, in which the swifter fists of negro men supersoted the nimble feet of grace ful dancers, until the arrival of a force of police "stopped the ball"—the first and last of its kind within the memory of a generation now nearly passed away.

A sequel to the Boston and Fashion match, which formed the subject of No. 1 of "The Sports of the Olden Time," has now to be added. The more enthusiastic patrons of the turf in all sections of the country favored a proposition that Fashion and Boston be sent to England and entered for the Goodwood Cup. The sporting journals ardently expatiated upon the possibility of either horse winning, inasmuch as foreign horses were allowed a difference in weight, which would prove decidedly in their favor; and the owners of both Fashion and Boston were approached with numerous offers, made under the most extraordinary conditions, to secure their passage across the Atlantic. It was finally reported that arrangements had been effected for an international match, and numerous gentlemen of repute actually believed for a time that so foolhardy a proceeding as bringing a couple of American horses into competition with the vast legion of English racers would eventually be consummated. This popular delusion was kept alive quite a while, being fanned by communications in the daily newspapers, until irrefutable evidence as to the quixotism of so preposterous an undertaking was furnished by a score of veteran turfmen, who demonstrated that our method of training was not calculated to make our flyers successful in competing with horses trained upon the English system. It was urged that up to that period "time" had never been regarded as an essential element of racing, and hence that the people of this country had no official standard by which to define the relative speed of English and American horses, the mere fact of winning a great stake being abroad the cardinal consideration in a race; moreover, here we almost invariably decided matches by means of four-mile heats, while in Great Britain they were determined mainly by bursts of speed, in which an American horse, relying upon bottom, might be defeated by an inferior animal. These arguments, advanced in ably written communications to the sporting journals, led to the abandonment of the design of sending Boston and Fashion to the Old Country, if indeed it had ever been very seriously entertained by practical people.

DENTISTRY IN J

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

SHORT "SQUEALS."

Variety being the spice of life, and brevity the soul of wit, we present, as the opening to our varieties entertainment, a few pertinent "squeals" from the pen of our well-known contributor, and popular song-writer, Arthur W. French.

Will the young men who persist in warbling "Spring, Gentle Spring," please let up until after the January thaw has set in?

Also it about time for some of the boys around town to go out in the back yard and shoot their Summer hats?

Where is the artist that can portray the expression in a man's face when he finds that a street-car conductor has given him too much change?

Will that aged female who comes into our office about twice a week to sell us a patent pen-wiper please oblige us by trying to open a can of glycerine with a hammer?

We hereby politely request Tommy Leonard not to blow that cornet of his Friday mornings, as the people in the neighborhood might think the fish-man was coming.

Claude De Haven is the *only* author of "Beautiful Snow." Anyone that denies this ought to be kicked by a jackass—and we'd like to do it.

Money nowadays is scarcer than Dutch comedians, and as *tight* as the skin on a "sausage;" nevertheless there are lots of chaps lying around *loose*.

If anyone in town has got an old gun that has been loaded up for about eight years, and wants it fired off, we know of a young man that can do it. He lives next door to us, and is learning to play a fiddle.

This is about the time of year when healthy boarders get away with sixteen griddle cakes apiece at a meal, to the envy of the small boys and the intense delight of the landlady who is cooking them.

About the meanest man we knew is the one that whitewashes his dirty paper-collars Saturday night. He is the brother of the man who puts corks in his cornet so he won't lose any wind.

No matter how scarce money or provisions may be in these hard times, we've the sweet consolation of knowing that the country is pretty well stocked with "champion song-and-dance men."

Whenever you see a small boy coming out of the house with one hand on his eyes and the other over the basement of his pants, you can come to the conclusion that he and the old man have had a slight misunderstanding.

There is a man going around town telling people that our new pants were cut out with an ax. He lies—under a mistake. We cut them ourselves with a rip-saw.

IN THE SWEET SUMMER TIME.

How I once loved to ramble in the dell,
Long ago in the sweet Summer time;
How dear in my heart fond memories dwell
Of bright days in mild sunny clime.
Dearest thoughts of a loved one still linger,
And ev'r in my memory seem to chime
Happy voices that often have cheered me
Long ago in the sweet Summer time.

Chorus—When the birds in the wood were sweetly singing,
When the rippling streamlet seemed to rhyme
With our happy voices, ever merry ringing,
Long ago in the sweet Summer time.

How oft have I strayed beside the brook,
With a dear, gentle creature by my side;
And once, nestled in a shaded nook,
I asked her to be my darling bride.
Her answer I ever shall remember,
As we sat there in the very same spot;
For she said she would ever be my dear one,
Long ago in the sweet Summer time.
Chorus—When the birds, etc.

But the sweet Summer days must have an end,
And the cold, wintry winds soon must blow,
The happiest of hearts grief must bend,
And sorrow will come ere joy can go.
'Neath the ground in death's beauty we laid her,
Near the spot where the ivy did climb,
And all my joy was buried there with her,
Long ago in the sweet Summer time.

Chorus—When the birds in the wood seemed sadly singing,
And hushed seemed the streamlet's silvery rhyme,
In sorrow we lost our dearest treasure,
Long ago in the sweet Summer time.

Canton, O. WILL H. C.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN AT THE OLD PARK.

We present a bill of the old Park Theatre during the run of "King John," which was produced on Nov. 16, 1846, and acted eighteen consecutive nights. All of the scenery, dresses, armors, machinery and equipments of every kind were entirely new, and cost, it is said, $12,000. Notwithstanding its excellent mounting and acting, the receipts of the best house barely reached $800. Of those named in the bill, Mr. Charles Kean died at Salt Hill, near Slough, Eng., Jan. 22, 1868. Mrs. Charles Kean is living in retirement in England; George Vandenhoff has retired from the stage; Miss Susan Denin is a member of the stock company of Hooley's Opera-house, Chicago, Ill; *F. S.* Chanfrau is one of the most popular and profitable stars now traveling; Harry McDouall died at Washington, D. C., June 18, 1870; John Dyott is living in retirement in Westchester County; John Fisher died in this city in July, 1847; John Povey died in England, May 2, 1867; David Anderson is now acting in San Francisco, Cal.; the Miss Flynn who acted one of the pages died in this city Oct. 16, 1873; Mr. Thomas Barry is living in retirement at Boston, Mass.; James Stark is now acting at Booth's Theatre in this city; W. H. Bellamy died at Greenpoint, L. I., April 15, 1866; George H. Andrews died in this city April 7, 1866, Sidney Pearson retired from the profession, and for some years kept a music store in this city; Chas. Bass died in Canada, May 5, 1863; Mrs. Abbott died at Chester, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1856; Miss Kate Horn (now Mrs. J. W. Buckland) is residing in Montreal, Canada.

PARK THEATRE.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cents, Gallery 25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'clock, and the performances will commence at 7 o'clock.

Last night but three of the great Shakespearian revival. MRS. CHARLES KEAN AND MR. CHARLES KEAN in Shakespeare's tragedy of

KING JOHN.

Being positively the last night but three it can be represented, as the arrangements of the theatre will not permit of its performance after Saturday next.

To give additional effect to this play, MR. GEO. VANDENHOFF has been expressly engaged to represent the character of Faulconbridge.

In consequence of the enormous expense attending this performance, the free list, with the single exception of the public press, must be suspended, and no orders can on any account be admitted.

In announcing this splendid Shakspearian revival, the manager begs respectfully to state, that no labor or expense has been spared in endeavoring to attain the utmost fidelity of historic illustration.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 3, 1846,
Will be performed Shakspeare's historical tragedy of

KING JOHN.

(Produced under the immediate direction and superintendence of Mr. Chas. Kean, at a cost and with a degree of correctness and splendor, it is believed, hitherto not witnessed in any theatre.)

The scenes painted on upwards of 15,000 square feet of canvas by Mr. Hillyard, Mr. Grain and assistants.

The costumes, coats of arms, 176 in number, decorations and appointments, from the authorities named hereafter, by Mr. Dejonge.

The machinery by Mr. Speyers.

The undivided attention of the audience is respectfully solicited between the first and second acts, as the whole of the previous scene has to be removed for the purpose of exhibiting the Council Chamber of Anglers, the French Camp and Distant Country, the Stage thrown open to the Walls of the Theatre.

ENGLISH.

John, King of England.....Mr. Charles Kean
Prince Henry, his son, afterwards King Henry III.....Mrs. Sutherland
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother and Miss Denin
her of King John.....
William Mareshall, Earl of Pembroke.....Mr. A. Andrews
Geffrey Fitz Peter, Earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary of England.....Heath
William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.....Chanfrau
Robert Bigot, Earl of Norfolk.....McDouall
Hubert De Burgh, Chamberlain to the King.....Dyott
Robert Faulconbridge, son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.....Fisher
Philip Faulconbridge, his half brother, bastard son to King Richard the First.....Mr. George Vandenhoff
James Gurney, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.....Povey
First English Knight.....Gallot
Sheriff of Northamptonshire.....Anderson
Peter of Pomfret, a Prophet.....Matthews
Pages to King John.....Mrs. Gallot and Miss Flynn
Green Knight.....Mr. Bandell, assist. Mus. Director
rene, Oxford, Hereford, Arundel, Fitz Water, De Percey, De Clare, De Ros, Knights, Esquires, Herald, Attendants on Herald, Trumpeters, Banner Bearers, Bretagne Knights, Bretagne Standard, etc., by Auxiliaries.

FRENCH.

Philip, King of France.....Mr. Barry
Lewis, the Dauphin.....Stark
Melun, a French Lord.....Bellamy
Chatillon, Ambassador from France to King John.....Sutherland
Herald.....Sprague
Citizen of Anglers.....G. Andrews
De Bloh, D'Arras, St. Omer, De Bretel, De Roye, De Neuville, De Beaumont, Barons, Knights, Herald, Attendants on Herald, Trumpeters, Banner Bearers, Citizens of Anglers, Citizen Soldiers, etc., by Auxiliaries.

AUSTRIANS.

Leopold VII, Archduke of Austria, surnamed Lymoges.....Mr. S. Pearson
Austrian Knights and Standard bearer of Austria, by Auxiliaries.

PRIESTS.

Cardinal Pandulph, Legate of the Pope.....Mr. Bass
Nuncio or Apostolic Delegate, Grand Master of the Templars, Archbishop, six Bishops, two Mitred Abbots, Priests, Monks, Knights Templar, Knights, Hospitaller, Temple Banners, Host Banner, Trinity Banner, Italian Gentlemen Attendant on Cardinal, etc., by Auxiliaries.

LADIES.

Elinor, the widow of King Henry II, and mother of King John.....Mrs. Abbott
Constance, mother to Prince Arthur.....Mrs. Charles Kean
Blanch, daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and niece to King John.....Miss Kate Horn
Lady Faulconbridge, mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.....Miss Gordon
Attendant Ladies.....
Mesdames Burrows, Miles, Misses Hall and Haydon
SCENE—Sometimes in England and sometimes in France.

Room of State in John's Palace, King John seated on Dais, centre—De Burgh on the left, Sword of State, right—the Archbishop of Canterbury on the left—Barons, Bishops, Knights, Heralds, etc.

The Walls of Angiers, with Panoramic View of the French Camp and distant country—engines and machines of war of that period.

Interior of the French King's Tent.

The Battle Field.

Battle Plain, with distant View of Angiers.

French King's Tent.

Room in the Castle of Northampton.

Gothic Hall in Northampton Palace.

View before the Walls of Northampton Castle.

Interior of the Temple Church, Northampton.

Plain near St. Edmunds Bury.

The Field of Battle near St. Edmunds Bury.

Another portion of the Battle Field.

Gate of Swinstead Abbey (night).

Orchard of Swinstead, With View of the Abbey. Moonlight.

MR. CHAS. KEAN'S AUTHORITIES FOR THE COSTUMES.

King John—First Dress: His effigy, in the choir of Worcester Cathedral. The statue is five feet one inch long; it is carved in Purbeck marble, and was probably made immediately after the monarch's decease.—*Wild's Illustrations of Ancient Architecture and of the Cathedral Church of Worcester.* The earliest monumental effigy of an English sovereign to be found in England is that of King John in Worcester Cathedral.—*Ibid.* The body was discovered in the year 1797; and a description of the dress, in full, will be found in W. Fairholt's "Costumes in England," page 103. Jewels or embroidered gloves were worn by persons of exalted rank, and the original clergy.—*Sir Fairholt.* (The effigies of King Richard I and Henry II of England are in Normandy, France.) Second Dress—His great seal, and the impression of the seal used before he ascended the throne, and affixed to the warrant to *Sir* John Cotton's library, and to two in the chamber of the Duchy of Lancaster—in the latter of which the arms are used as peasant; but "when he came to be king," says Sandford, in his Genealogical History, "he did bear the arms of his brother, King Richard, namely, *Gules, three lions passant guardant, or*, for which *vide* his great seal."—The mace is introduced from the 23d plate in "Meyrick's Armor." The seal of this monarch affords the *first* example of an English king wearing a surcoat over his suit of mail. Surcoats originated with the Crusaders, and were at first without armorial bearings, which were confined to the shield, and were simply of one color, particularly scarlet, various.—*Meyrick's Ancient Armour*, 1st vol. page 86. Surcoats were also flowered with gold or silver, as may be seen in Charles Hamilton Smith's work on the ancient costumes of Great Britain: vide that of Earl of Oxford, Aubrey de Vere, Hugh Bardolf, anno 1308.

Prince Henry and Prince Arthur, Duke of Bretagne.—These dresses are designed from costumes of the period—*vide* the Royal Psalter in this country, in the valuable work in my possession, now out of print, by R. J. Planche, Esq.

Earl of Salisbury.—First Dress.—From MS. in Bodleian library. A similar figure is introduced by Strutt, in his 1st volume of "Dresses and Habits of the People of England," as a nobleman of the 15th century—plate 56. All the other barons are dressed in the like costume, the colors being varied. Second Dress.—Effigy of the Earl, on the south side of the nave of Salisbury Cathedral. He was called Longespee or Longsword, from a long sword which he usually carried. He was the base son of King Henry II by Rosamond Clifford, commonly called Fair Rosamond. He bore the arms of his father-in-law, Earl of Salisbury, namely, *chequy, azure and or.*—*Vide Sandford's Genealogical History.*

Earl of Pembroke.—Second Dress.—Effigy of the Earl, in the Temple Church, London, with additions from the monument of the Earl of Oxford. The beard on the upper lip signifies his adherence to the king. He used for his arms, *d'or, party de Vert, an lyon rampant de Gueles, sur le tout, arme et amposees d' Azur.*—*Vincent's Discoverie of Brook's Errors.*

Norfolk.—Second Dress.—Heylin's "Help to English History."

Essex.—Second Dress.—Temple Church, London.

Robert de Rouse.—21st plate of Meyrick's Ancient Armor.

Oxford.—"Ancient Costume of Great Britain," by Charles Hamilton Smith, Esq., *anno* 1215. The spear added from a MS. in the Cotton library, B. M.

Hubert, Fitzwalter, Hereford, De Clare, Percy, Arundel, De Warrene.—Thompson's Historical Essay on the Magna Charta.

Two English Knights.—Edmonson's "Knighthood."

Herald, Two Attendants, Two Trumpeters, Two Royal Pages, Five Esquires, Sheriff of Northamptonshire, Peter of Pomfret.—Knighton's "Dress and Habits of the 13th Century."

Two Murderers (Attendants on Hubert in 4th act).—Ditto.

Philip Fauleonbridge.—First Dress.—From the enameled figures on King John's silver cup, in the possession of the Corporation of King's Lynn, Norfolk. Also introduced by Strutt in his "Dresses and Habits," 1st vol., 54 plate. Second Dress.—Effigy of a Knight of the 13th century in Malvern Church, Worcestershire. The battle-axe added from the one in the drawing of Richard I Coeur-de-Lion; *anno* 1194, plate 13, 1st vol. Meyrick's "Ancient Armor."

Royal Standard of England and Standard-bearer.—From Herbe's "National Costumes."

Standard of Normandy and Bearer.—Ditto.

Standard of Acquitaine.—Ditto.

The Knight in a long green surcoat is introduced from its peculiarity. The drawing will be found in the 1st vol. of Meyrick's "Ancient Armor," plate 15. It is taken from the monumental effigy of a knight in Malvern Church, Worcestershire. He carries a buckler instead of a shield, and in his right hand a *martel de fer. Anno* 1220.

FRENCH.

King Philip — (surnamed Augustus). — Montfaucon's "Monarchie Francaise." There being no effigy of King Philip armed, Planche has arranged this dress from various regal remains of the 12th and 13th centuries, which are to be found in the work from which Prince Arthur's costume is taken.

Prince Lewis.—He is erroneously called the Dauphin by Shakespeare, a title first borne by Chas. V of France, during the life-time of his father, John—*Vide* Mezeray's Histoire de France, vol. 1st, page 825. The only effigies of Lewis in Montfaucon are those which represent him as king. He is armed, therefore, with the exception of the helmet and shield, from an engraving of his half-brother, Philippe, Count de Boulogne, son of Philip Augustus and Agnes de Mezanie, his third wife, born in 1200, and who was killed at a tournament, 1233.

Chatillon.—First Dress.—A painting by Stothard, from an enameled tablet, formerly in the church of St. Julian, at Mans, and supposed to represent Geoffry Plantagenet, Earl of Maine and Anjou, who died *anno* 1149. Montfaucon informs us this style of dress was general towards the close of the 12th century. Second Dress.—Williment's "Regal Heraldry."

Giles, Vicompt de Melun, Bertrand de Roye, Thibaud, Count de Blois, Giles de Beaumont.—Willimont.

The Chatelaine d'Arras.—Montfaucon.

The Chatelaine de St. Omer, Baldwin de Bretel, Eustache de Neuville, two French Knights, two French Herald, two attendants, two trumpeters.—Herbe's "National Costumes."

The Banner of the Oriflamme of France.—Menestrier's "Art de Blazon," and also Herbe's "Costumes."

Two French Royal Standards and Standard of Bretagne, accompanying Prince Arthur.—Herbe's "National Costume."

Two Knights of Bretagne.—Ditto.

Six French Knights, in suits of mail, carrying green shields, with gold crosses, are from Montfaucon.

Leopold, Duke of Austria.—The introduction of Leopold, Duke of Austria, in this play. Constance's addressing him by the title of Limoges, and her repeated allusions to his having killed Richard Cœur-de-Lion, etc., are errors sufficiently notorious. There is no positive authority for the costume of this character, further than the general representations and descriptions of contemporary warriors and crusaders. Shakespeare, however, has made the lion's hide too particular to be dispensed with. The battle-axe in his hand is from a drawing of one kept in the Belfort tower, at Ghent, weighing about 18 pounds, and said to have belonged to Baldwin Bras-de-Fer, Earl of Flanders. Leopold VII, second Duke of Austria, [illegible] originally, *azure, six larks, or*; but in consequence of his surcoat, which was cloth of silver, being covered with blood, with the exception of the belt, at the siege of Ptolemais (Acre), he assumed the device displayed on his shield, namely, *Gules, a Fess, Argent.* He died A. D. 1194. *Vide* Henninge's "Theatrum Genealogicum," vol. 3, Camden's "Remains," Nisbett's "System of Heraldry," etc.

Citizens of Angiers.—Herbe's "Costume."

Citizen Soldiers, from a transcript of Matthew Paris, in Bennett College Library, Cambridge, marked C. V. XVI. Cardinal Pandulph.—Picart informs us that "Cardinals wore only the common vestments of priests, which were like the monkish habit, till the time of Innocent IV" (A. D. 1243), who gave them the *red hat* in the council of Lyons; but they first used it, according to De Curbio, the year after the Council—that is, in 1426, on occasion of an interview between the Pope and Leon IX of Germany—"that the cardinals were allowed," however, "to wear *red shoes* and *red* garments, in the time of Innocent III, raised to the see A. D. 1198, appears from several writers who flourished at that time: but by what Pope that privilege was granted them is uncertain."—*Vide* Picart's "Religious Ceremonies," Bower's "Lives of the Popes," etc. As King John died A. D. 1216, and the *red hat* was not given to the cardinals until A. D. 1243, it is an error to introduce it in this play. The entire dress is from the authority of Planche.

The Grand Master of the Templars.—Copied from the print in Dugdale's "Warwickshire," page 963. The same will be found in Charles Hamilton Smith's "Ancient Costumes of Great Britain."

The Eight Knights Templar.—From the Temple Church, London. The Knights Templar are introduced, as we read that two companies of that order preceded Cardinal Pandulph "to arrange a meeting between the legate and King John, at Dover." *Vide* Matthew of Westminster, page 271.

Notarius Apostolicus.—From Willimont.

Two Gentlemen in Attendance.—Willimont.

Archbishop.—An official habit of an archbishop in the 13th century.—1st vol. Strutt's "English Dresses," plate 68.

Six Bishops.—From Heylesdon Church, Norfolk. Also found in "The Ecclesiastical Habits of the 12th Century," by Strutt, plate 48.

Two Mitred Abbots.—From St. Alban's Abbey.

Two Priests.—From the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester. Also in Strutt, plate 48.

Eighteen Monks.—From Dugdale's Monasticon.

Two Knights Hospitallers.—From Edmonson's "Knighthood."

Two Priests carrying Templar banners—one with banner of the Trinity, and one with banner of the Host.—From Dugdale's Monasticon.

FEMALE COSTUME.

Elinor, widow of King Henry II.—From the Queen's effigy in the Abbey of Fontevraid, Normandy. A similar robe, covered with crescents, is also mentioned as having been worn by Richard I Cœur-de-Lion. *Vide* "History of British Costume," in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," page 82.

Two Ladies in Attendance.—Designed from costumes of the period. *Vide* Montfaucon.

Queen Constance.—From the effigy of Queen Berengaria, wife of Richard I Cœur-de-Lion, in the Abbey of Fontevraid, Normandy, with the exception of the coronet.

Blanch of Castile.—From a drawing favored to me by Charles Hamilton Smith of an unmarried lady of rank of the 13th century.

Two Ladies in Attendance.—Designed from costumes of the period. *Vide* Montfaucon.

Lady Faulconbridge.—MS. in Harlean Library, B. M., marked 1627.

The litter of King John, introduced in Act 5, is from a MS. in the British Museum, Royal 16, G. VI. Gestes de Rois de France, jusqu'a la Mort de St. Louis. This MS. belonged to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester—an interesting description, together with a drawing, will be found in Charles Hamilton Smith's work of Ancient Costumes of Great Britain. The battles on the curtains are introduced from King John's shield.

The machines and engines of war introduced before the walls of Angiers will be found described in Meyrick's "Ancient Armor," 1st vol., 26th plate. Shakespeare makes King John speak of the "thunder of his cannon." This is an anachronism, as artillery was not introduced until the 14th century, according to Grose vol. 2, p. 2. Meyrick thus confirms it, saying: "There is reason to conclude that it was known as early as the time of King Edward II." *Vide* Fosbroke's "Encyclopedia of Antiquities," page 907, vol. 2.

The overture to King John and entry acts [composed, selected and arranged by Mr. Chubb].

To conclude with the farce of

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Mr. Ally Croaker, Mrs. Courtiney.
Mr. G. Barrett, Miss Fanny Gordon
Mr. Mildmay.....Fisher, Margaret.....Mrs. Knight

Friday, Mrs. Charles Kean's benefit, and positively the last night but one of "King John."

Saturday, last night of "King John."

The manager has the pleasure of announcing an engagement for a limited number of nights with the celebrated DANSEUSE VIENNOISE, 4ft in number, under the direction of Mme. Josephine Weiss, Maitresse de Ballet des Theatres Imperiaux de Vienne, who will make their first appearance in America on Monday next.

"LILY MAY."

BY ROBERT McKAY.

In a little rose-wreathed cottage,
By a silvery, gliding stream,
Where the golden sunshine lingers,
Loth to leave so fair a scene—
Where the feathered songsters warble
All the dreamy Summer day,
Far removed from city's bustle,
Lives my darling Lily May!
Chorus—Lily May, Lily May,
Darling Lily May,
Would at night I could abide
And dream my life away.

In the evening, 'neath the roses,
We have oft sat side by side,
While the perfume-laden zephyrs
Fanned the coppice gently sighed;
There amidst the sleeping flowers,
Where the moonbeams loved to stray,
We'en my heart from out my keeping,
At the shrine of Lily May.
Chorus—Lily May, etc.

AUSTRALIAN THEATRICALS IN 1855.

Mr. Wm. Griffiths kindly favors us with the following copy of an Australian play-bill of eighteen years ago. G. V. Brooke, who was then performing a star engagement, was the first to arrive in steamship London on her passage to Australia, Jan. 11, 1866.

COPPIN'S OLYMPIC, MELBOURNE.

Most positively the last night of the grand Shakespearian production,

MACBETH.

Farewell of MR. G. V. BROOKE as the Thane of Cawdor.

Notwithstanding the nightly enthusiasm with which this Shakespearian treat is received, and the crowded state of the house nightly, it is absolutely necessary for it to make room for other attractive novelties. Mr. G. V. Brooke's engagement being limited, the manager is anxious to place the works of our best dramatic authors, in which he sustains the principal characters, upon the stage in the most perfect manner.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 26, 1855,
the entertainments will commence with Shakespeare's tragedy, entitled

MACBETH,

produced under the direction of Mr. R. Younge, with new scenery, dresses, machinery, properties, by Messrs. Pitt, Matthews, Walker and Brogden, and all Locke's original music.

Macbeth.....Mr. G. V. Brooke
To conclude with the laughable farce of
BETSY BAKER.
On Thursday will be produced, with new scenery,
THE SEA OF ICE,
with the burlesque for the last time.
On Friday Mr. G. V. Brooke will take his farewell in his great character of Othello.
On Saturday, a new burlesque.
In preparation, the celebrated play of
RICHELIEU.

The celebrated Tyrolese Minstrels will shortly make their appearance for a limited number of nights, assisted by Herr Rahm.

Notice.—Arrangements have been made with the celebrated dancer, Mademoiselle Alexandrine Dimier for nine nights, and the accomplished actress Mrs. Emma Waller for a limited number of nights, previously to her departure for England, to fulfil an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Due notice will be given of their first appearance.

Doors open at a quarter to seven; to commence at half-past seven. Boxes, 7s. 6d; stalls, 5s.; pit, 3s.

G. COPPIN.

OONAGH MACHREE.

Respectfully dedicated to Joe Murphy.

The moment was sad when I parted from Erin,
Oh, sad was the voyage when crossing the sea;
To think of me darlin' I left far behind me,
Sweet Oonagh asthula, dear Oonagh machree.
Oh, many's the night when the big ship was sailing
And the moon it was shining far over the sea,
I dreamt of the meadows and mother's mud cabin,
And of Oonagh, me darlin', sweet Oonagh machree.
Oh, Oonagh, me darlin', it's lonely I'm waiting,
And lonely I've been since I parted from thee;
I hope with good fortune I'll soon be returning
To darlin' auld Erin and Oonagh machree;
Then quickly I'll go to me darlin's nate cabin,
And ask her to come to this country with me;
With blessings from Erin we'll cross the wide ocean,
Meself and me darlin', sweet Oonagh machree.

Chicago, Ill. DAVID DILLON.

DOWN IN OLD K—Y, KY.

The great statesman Henry Clay was a patron of the drama, and frequently lent his presence in behalf of some deserving histrionic aspirant. In New Orleans, for Miss Clarendon's benefit, he attended the theatre; and, as will be seen by the appended bill, he attended at the Lexington, Ky., Theatre, when the same lady put up her names for a ben. To Mr. John F. Roche of Boston, Mass., we tender our thanks for the loan of the old-bill.

THEATRE.

Lessee.....Miss M. Duff
Stage-manager.....Mr. R. Clark

MISS CLARENDON'S BENEFIT AND LAST APPEARANCE.

Miss Clarendon has the pleasure of announcing that the HON. H. CLAY has consented to honor her with his presence at the theatre on this occasion.

THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1844,
will be performed Knowles' play of

THE HUNCHBACK.

Master Walter.....J. R. Gilbert | Wilford.....Mr. McIlvoy
Fathom.....Mr. Saunders | Gaylove.....Mr. Prior
Modus.....Mr. Dunn | Helen.....Miss Stannard
Stephen.....Mr. L. A. Clarke | Julia.....Miss Clarendon
Sir Thos. Clifford...S. Clark |
To conclude with the farce of
ONE HOUR, OR THE CARNIVAL BALL.
Charles Swiftly.Mr. S. Clark | Mr. Smith.....Mr. Dunn
O'Leary.....Mr. Saunders | Julia.....Miss Clarendon
With a song and the dance of La Cachucha.
Fanny.....Miss Stannard

Boxes, 50c.; pit, 25c.; gallery, 12½. A limited number of season tickets (not transferable) will be disposed of on application at the box-office, where seats may be secured at almost any hour during the day. Doors open at 7½ o'clock, curtain to rise punctually at 8 o'clock.

BASEBALL.

THE PHILADELPHIA CLUB.

Looking over the files of THE CLIPPER for the past season, we glean the appended pitching statistics of this club for 1873, showing the number of runs earned; the games in which no runs were earned—given under the head of "blanks;" those in which single runs were earned; and those in which double figures marked the score of earned runs:

PHILADELPHIA.	Baltimore	Atlantic	Boston	Washington	Mutual	Athletic	Irvington	Totals
Runs earned	28	27	25	22	20	19	9	148
Blanks	1	2	0	0	1	0	0	10
Doubles	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1
Average of earned runs	2	3	2	4	2	1	3	

The general average of earned runs by the Philadelphia nine was two runs to a match, with 38 over. By the above table it will be seen that they punished Stearns' pitching with more effect than that of any other pitcher, and McBride's with least effect; next to him they found Matthews the most difficult pitcher to hit.

The appended table shows which club nine punished Zettlein's pitching with most effect:

PHILADELPHIA.	Boston	Athletic	Mutual	Baltimore	Atlantic	Irvington	Washington	Totals
Runs earned	32	29	19	16	14	9	7	120
Blanks earned	0	1	1	4	2	1	2	11
Doubles earned	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Average of earned runs	3	3	2	1	1	1	1	10

The Bostons punished Zettlein's pitching the most, and the Resolutes the least, the latter only earning a single run in the three games played. The record of the games actually played, won and lost is as follows:

	Philadelphia	Philadelphia	Philadelphia	
Philadelphia	8	7	6	Won
Philadelphia	1	2	3	Lost
Philadelphia	9	9	9	Played

	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	Won.....35
	5	5	6	6	6	6	6	Lost.....17
	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	Played.....52

THE MONTHLY RECORD FOR 1873.

The following table shows the total number of games won and lost in the championship arena during each month of the season of 1873:

		Philadelphia	Atlantic	Baltimore	Boston	Mutual	Irvington	Washington	Resolute	Total games played
April	Lost									
	Won									
May	Lost	2	6	7	3	5	2	3	1	29
	Won	6	3	2	6	3	2	2	0	24
June	Lost	3	3	3	2	3	2	2	0	18
	Won	3	3	3	4	3	2	2	0	20
July	Lost	3	2	6	2	3	0	3	1	20
	Won	3	4	0	4	3	3	0	0	17
August	Lost	3	4	3	2	3	1	2	0	18
	Won	3	2	3	3	3	2	2	0	18
September	Lost	4	3	3	2	3	1	2	0	18
	Won	2	3	3	3	3	2	2	0	18
October	Lost	3	3	3	2	3	1	2	0	17
	Won	3	3	3	3	3	2	2	0	19
April	Lost	3	0	4	1	2	0	3	1	14
	Won	3	3	3	3	3	2	2	0	19
May	Lost	3	7	4	6	2	1	1	0	24
	Won	3	3	4	6	3	2	2	0	23
June	Lost	3	8	10	10	3	1	2	0	37
	Won	3	2	3	3	3	2	2	0	18
July	Lost	3	8	10	13	1	2	2	0	39
	Won	3	2	3	3	3	2	2	0	18
August	Lost	3	8	10	14	0	1	2	0	38
	Won	3	2	3	3	3	2	2	0	18
September	Lost	3	8	10	14	0	1	2	0	38
	Won	3	2	3	3	3	2	2	0	18
October	Lost	3	8	10	14	0	1	2	0	38
	Won	3	2	3	3	3	2	2	0	18
Games played		52	54	66	60	5	52	52	22	392

	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	Won.....35
	5	5	6	6	6	6	6	Lost.....17
	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	Played.....52

	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	Won.....8
	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Lost.....0
	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	Played.....8

	3	3	2	1	1	1	1	10
	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	3	3	2	1	1	1	1	10

The appended table shows the total games played by each club each month of the season, and the total played during the season:

	Philadelphia	Atlantic	Baltimore	Boston	Mutual	Irvington	Washington	Resolute	Total games played
April	3	0	4	1	2	0	3	1	14
May	3	7	4	6	2	1	1	0	24
June	3	8	10	10	3	1	2	0	37
July	3	8	10	13	1	2	2	0	39
August	3	8	10	14	0	1	2	0	38
September	3	8	10	14	0	1	2	0	38
October	3	8	10	14	0	1	2	0	38
Games played	52	54	66	60	5	52	52	22	392

	1	1	1	4	2	1	1	0
	1	1	1	4	2	1	1	0
	1	1	1	4	2	1	1	0

	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	Won.....35
	5	5	6	6	6	6	6	Lost.....17
	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	Played.....52

THE CHICAGO CLUB.

In order to get at the true statement of affairs in regard to the organization of the Chicago ten for 1874, we wrote to Mr. Norman T. Gassette, the president of the Chicago Baseball Association, for information regarding that organization, and the appended communication from that gentleman will be perused with interest by our baseball readers.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 19, 1873.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—The Chicago Baseball Association is a stock company, incorporated under the general law of this State, and is, as a general thing, composed of as good men as we have in our city. By vote of the majority of the stock and by vote of the directory, I, as president, have the absolute control of the nine and the affairs of the Association—the directory being only advisory—and to make whatever I do legal according to law. As far as I am personally concerned, I care for baseball only as a national game; and while I am not "hide-bound," do not like betting on the game, never having bet a cent in my life nor held a stake; neither have I been interested, directly or indirectly, in any bet. We want to encourage the game here in Chicago, because of a local pride, and because it is the only game we have which can for a moment be esteemed our national game. We also think the general recreation and healthy excitement which a game of baseball produces are conducive of good to the public generally. We also believe the game, *honorably* fostered, has a tendency to build up the physique, and do, by causing emulation, physical development in our young men, all cumulating in health, mentally and physically. For such reasons, and not with a third and fourth club in the field, the Chicago Baseball Association formed. While I am connected with the body, nothing which tinctures of immoral practices or dishonesty will be permitted, and I shall always try to aim to elevate rather than drag down. Unless something is done by those who have the true interest of the game at heart to *draw it up* (and with due deference to all persons, I will personally state that action it now holds in the estimation of the public, the game will not outlive the year 1874. There seems to be quite a hankering after the third. We have the contract of James Wood, Fergus G. Malone, George Zettlein, David W. Force, James A. Devlin, Levi Meyerle, Edward Pinkham, Fred. Tracy, Edgar R. Cuthbert, F. A. Ilines and John Glenn players, and Nick E. Young as manager. We sent this list to THE CLIPPER as the first completed organization for '74, which was published. Since then Wynne has been added as third in the Philadelphia nine. We sent our list of players engaged to THE CLIPPER in August last, first as a matter for your own information, and secondly, that

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business allowed for the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Angela, Mad.
Alexander, Sara
Brent, Mrs. W. H.
Burton, Clara
Blanchard, Nilly
Blaisdell, Julia Peak (2)
Belle, Flora (2)
Bella, Florence
Booth, Jessie
Bosworth, Julia
Boutine, Tilly
Benson, Jennie
Crayton, Gussie
Coventry, Julia S.
Cushing, May
Childs, Annie
Cornelius, A. Montclair
Chester, Minnie
Castle, Blanche
Comedy L.
Charles, Lottie E.
Caisase, Belle
D'Este Combination, Agent
De Granville, Miss
Delmay, Lulu (2)
Dunlap, Eunice
Damas, Willie, Marie
D'Este, Helen
Daly, Pearly
De Lisle, Maude
Egberta, Nannie
Elmore, Annie
Francis, Lou
Florance, Mary
Foster, Katie
Farran, Josie
Freeth, Nila
Francis, Lulu
Firman, Nellie
Glassford, Katie
Gibbons, Annie
Granger, Josie
Gordan, Belle
Graham, Laura
Gardner, Emma
Henze, Mrs. Virginia
Hindle, Annie
Hayes, Annie J.
Herbert, Luzzie
Hunt, Fannie
Herd, Nelle
Jeresena, Mlle.
Lang, Iona (2) 6c.
Long, Mrs. F. C.
Lenoyle, Mary 3c.
Leslie, Fanny
Lapoint, Mrs. J.
Lee, Millie
Lloyd, Zadie
Melrose, Mrs. F.
McKean, Gabrielle
Morrow, Emma
Melville, Minnie C.
Morrell, Jennie
Muntz, Hulda
Noyes, Agnes
O'Brien, Norah
Poinier, Marie
Price, Fanny B.
Phillips, Isabella
Quigley, Jennie
Rigl, Betty & Emily
Richards, Pauline
Rice, Emma
Rogers, Hattie
Raymond, Ella
Reed, Mrs. Chas. F. (3)
Stowe, Emma
Smith, Hattie
Seamon, Mrs. Minnie
Smith, Mrs. Bertie
Sanford, Elise (2)
Scott, Mrs. Chas. H.
Selwyn, Blanche
Somers, Alice
Thompson, Lydia (3)
Turner, Millie
Vandyke, Imogene
Webster, Florence
Weston Sisters
Watson, Mrs. Louisa
Wallon, Emma (3)
Williams, Mrs. Barney
Willard, Miss L.
Wyndham, Alice
Wells, Minnie
Wray, Ada

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Andrews, Billy
Aymar, Wm. T.
Atwood, Capt. J. B.
Ashton, J. B.
Allen, Johnny (2)
Armstrong, A. A.
Anderson, Prof. Albert 18c.
Allen, E. A.
Archer, Geo. A.
Austin, Chas. (drill inst) (2)
Andre, E. A.
Ashcroft, Wm.
Brent, W. H.
Burton, Jas. F.
Burton, Master Clarence "Brother" (2)
Barbour, W. W.
Burdeue, W. H.
Blundell, A. F.
Barnes, E. F.
Birch, Billy
Buckley, Murdock
Baldwin, J. Melvin
Bernard, Edward S.
Barney, Hindman
Blitz, Eugene (2)
Boyd & Bailey's (Circus)
Batchelder, Wm. E. (2)
Ballent, Sig. S.
Blakeney, J. H.
Birch, Wambold & Bacon
Brennen, Henry R.
Benn, Walter
Benedict, Charlie
Beaver, Wm.
Boyd & Scott & Fatty Rossa
Boner, Louis
Bidaux, Gustavus (2)
Bailey, Harry
Carle, Mons.
Casey, Harry
Coyne, Tommy
Crandell, Henry
Crew, G.
Cox, Will H. (2)
Clifton, Harry D.
Castello, Geo.
Chapman, Edwin
Clarke, H. G. (2)
Chappelle, W. J. (2)
Cline Brothers
Cole, W. W. (2)
Coleman, J. A.
Clark, Geo. G. (2)
Corbyn, W. H.
Craig, Geo.
Chrestman, J. S. (2)
Cody, W. F. ("Buffalo Bill") (4)
Character Actor
Clifton, Harry (gymnast)
Coulduck, C. W.
Collins, Wm.
Cook, Woods
Carvill, Geo.
Chiders, Jas. H.
Coup, Geo.
Davine, Wm. F.
Dobson, Chas. E. (6)
Davenport, Geo. C.
Dixon, T. B.
Donnelly, Wm.
Dram, Charlie 10c.
Dunning, Chas.
De Haro, Chas. B.
De Haven, Geo. W.
De Vere, Billy
Davey, Mr. (manager)
Dillon, Frank
De Lodge, J. E.
De Haven, Claude
Dobson, Charlie
Emmett, J. K.
Emmet, Harry
Earle, Wm.
Etiole, Master Harry 25c.
Erskine's Dramatic Co.
Frank, Geo.
Frost, Hyatt
Forrest, Chas. B.
Morris, Albert W.
Fox, Master Willie
Farron, Theo. J. 6c.
Fields, Wm.
Frohman, Gustave
Fleury, Fernando
Frost, H.
Fowler, W. W. (2)
Fox, Wm. B.
Franckum, J. C.
Foster, Jack
Fiske, M. W. (2)
Fraser, Alex.
Farnata, Sig.
Freeth, J.
Frank, C. Harry
Fulton, Ed.
Flax, Jas. (leader)
Gardner, E. M.
Green, Jas.
Gardner, Frank
Glenroy, John
Gray, Harry
Godfrey, Gerald 16c.
Gleason, Charlie (2)
Gaylord, Mr. (of Skiff & Gaylord)
Goodman, Hank
Gosche, Jacob
Gulifoil, Hennie
Goodhold, E. M. (3)
Griste, C. B.
Goodall, Prof. J.
Nich. 6c.
Gilbert, J. V.
Gaston, Albert
Gilbert, Edward F.
Gilbert, Mr. (of Courtright & Gilbert)
Guinnette, Harry
Hankins, Jas.
Howard, Dan P.
Hutchins, Theodore
Harrington, Frank
Hughes, Andy 3c.
Heywood, Jas.
Haoock, J. B.
Harwood, Geo. (manager)
Herbert, Harry
Hayden, Will W. R.
Hart, J. B.
Haverley, J. H. (2)
Higgins, J. 3c.
Hape, Jos. (tenor)
Healey, Dr. John E.
Henri, Hi
Holden, Frank
Heigh, Bob
Hoffmeister, Fredk
Hatch, Chas. A.
Hayden, Harry
Haverly, J. H.
Hallett, Lew
Hicks, Chas. B.
Hall, Millis
Hickey, John M.
Hardenbrook, N. J.
Hewett, Frank
Jee, Wm. & Harry
Judge, Ed.
Jack, Jas. W.
Jack, John
Jones, Arnold (2)
Kersand, Wm.
Kinaman, Frank
Kendricks, Wm.
Kruger, J. K. (2)
Kelley, Jno. T.
Kelly, Edwin
Kell, P. T.
Keeshin, Chas. H.
Kline Brothers
Kinch, John
Kelsh, F. M.
Kinnaman, Frank
Kirk, Geo. W.
King, John (keeper)
Kelly's Hair Shed (American)
Leiland, Matty
Leo, Vic
Lowe, Geo. J.
Leavitt, N. W.
Lisle, Elmar
Lent, Jr., L. B. (2)
Locke, E. H.
Leonard, J. M.
Lloyd, Wm.
Lavake, Will
Lester, Chas.
Lamont, Albert
McCloskey, Mike (2)
Milton, J. Vincent
Mitchell, H. C.
Mitchell, Henry
McCullough, Jno.
McHugh, Wm.
Monroe, Fred. (2)
Mabury, Wm. 3c.
Marshall, Fred E.
Mattieson, Hugh
Musical Director
Murray, Ed.
Martz, Jule
Magee, John
McVeigh, John
Moore, Eddie (3)
Murphy, J. S.
Melville, Chas. (2)
Mason, Paisey
Mader, Frank C.
McDermott, E.
Mackey, Johnny
Mayer, Marcus R.
Mason, Albert W.
Mayo, Frank
McEvoy, Frank
Mull, Wm.
Morris, Judy
Matthews, Family
The (2)
Marischi Ballet Troupe
Madin, A. W.
Martin, Frank
Nassar, El Hady
Nicholls, Joseph V.
Nelson, Prof R.
Norton, John
Nolen, T. J.
Nye, Jack
Nit, Prof. Albert
O'Brien, Chas.
O'Brien, Fred
Older, P. A.
O'Lynn, Bryan
Parks, John
Pollard, Spencer
Price, Wally
Pfaff, Henry
Peak, E. S.
Perry, Don J.
Parker, H. S.
Percival, G. W. (actor)
Prescott, D. K.
Potter, B. S.
Page, Frank A.
Parks, Jack
Price, Wally
Poland, Tom
Pullman, Hank
Phillips, Granville
"Panorama"
Queen, Montgomery (2)
Reynolds, Granville
Rourke, John
Riley, J. W.
Rowe, Jno. (musician)
Rommer, J.
Romain, Royal. R. "Ricardo"
Reynolds, Jimmy
Richards, Warren
Robbins, Master Frank
Reynolds, Geo. A. Jr.
Rice, Dan
Rockwell, T. C.
Robinson, Jas. (circus)
Raymond, Ed.
Roche, Johnny A.
Rice, Bernard
Roland, Jas.
Rubenstein, Anton
Reed, Wm.
Robinson, H. (silver horns)
Rapier, John
Reynolds, J. (Dutch comedy)
Romell, Eugene
Roberts, N. D.
Russell, L. H.
Reid, Ned
Sanford, J. (gymnast)
Sheridan & Mack
Seal, D. A.
Smith, Louis C.
Stewart, H. ("Fatty")
Stanley, Burton
Sage, E. M.
Steck, E.
Sanford & Burden
Salisbury, Prof. N. W.
Stein, A.
Sheppard, Patrick
Sayles, Edward
Sherrington, Mr.
Stone, Den (circus)
Speaight, Prof. J. G. (American)
Smith, Doc W. H.
Sexton, Prof. M. C.
Sawyer, W. F.
Showles, J. J.
Smart, John H. (2)
Shader, Albert
Steele, Geo. K.
Sells Brothers
Sharp, Charley
Simpson, Lew
Stevens, Oggie
Stanley, F. Sinnolte
Seeley, Chas.
Saunders, Joel B.
Turnbull, H.
Turner, Ned
Thompson, Chas. J.
Taperell, E. H.
Tremaine, Geo. R.
Twombley, Geo. H.
Tannenbaume, Jake
Tyrrell, R. T.
Tompkins, Wm. (agent)
Tobin, Prof. Thos.
Tuttle, Jerome A.
Unger, Andrew C.
Virdey, Montie
Victorelli, H. (2)
Victorelli, W.
Vanzant, Ance
Wood, Geo. (minstrel)
Warner, Dr. (Bonneo Bay)
Well, G. Myer
Webb, G.
Woodruffe, Wm
Wilson, Geo. (minstrel
Washburn, Leon
Whitney, H. S. (5)
Whiffin, Thos.
Waldron, B. G.
White, Black
Weber, John A.
Wickwire, Thos.
Wentworth, Harry
Warhurst, Thos.
West, Frank
Ware, Geo.
Ward, John
Wilhelm, Gustave
Watson, Harry
Young, C. W.
Whitman, Jerome
Washburn, Willie
Wiggins, Geo.
Ziegler, Chas.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Nov. 24, 1873.

Thanksgiving! War! These words do not jingle harmoniously—the one breathes life, love and happiness; the other, carnage, desolation, death! The first we are now enjoying; its realities are with us; smiling faces, joyous words, and sweet influences attest its presence. And with a general expression of thanks for mercies extended to us, comes the dread expectation of grim-visaged war, with all its train of distresses and horrors. And yet there are many who will deeply welcome the din of battle, and shout jubilate over the prostrate forms of the slain. Thursday of this week has been set apart as our day of national praise and thanksgiving. While we are engaged in those kindly festivities which attend a proper observance of the day, let our voices be raised in behalf of peace, sweet peace; let our prayers be for the maintenance of friendly relations with all nations, in so far as our national honor shall not be tarnished, nor the flag of a free-born people meet with insult.....The week just closed has been a most eventful one—our domestic and foreign relations have been disturbed by real or fancied injuries, and apprehensions of some dire calamity have kept the people at a pitch of excitement not felt since the close of the rebellion in '65. In this city, the trial, conviction and sentence of Tweed; the arrest of Ingersoll; the escape of the murderer Sharkey, and the usual number of murders and other crimes, have given an extraordinary dramatic interest to the current events of the day, and infused into our sensational spectacles and emotional dramas of real life a touch of romance more strange, more startling than the fancies of fiction ever gave birth to. And yet we are equal to the emergency—we must have a change—we should die of ennui were not some new sensation presented to our notice. So we go—what next shall startle us? What novelty is now in rehearsal for our entertainment? It will be a tragedy of bloody horrors, or a comedy of amusing, courtly errors? Let us calmly wait and watch.....As in duty bound, many of our thanksgiving managers will celebrate the day by presenting attractive enterta'nments at their various houses—entertainments of such a diversified character as to please all tastes, all classes and conditions of life. Among our numerous amusement advertisements will be seen the announcements of performances to be given on Thanksgiving Day, to which we refer the reader's attention.....We have been so accustomed to see "moral truths" depicted on the mimic stage, that it was quite a relief to the public to see "The Liar" announced for exhibition at Wallack's Theatre. A pretty large audience assembled on Saturday evening last to welcome an old friend and congenial companion, and to afford that encouragement which all liars so really need in these days of moral reform and Tweedish convictions. Mr. Wallack impersonated The Liar with so much truth to nature, with such conscientious duplicity, as to lead to the inference that the part was with him had been a life-long study. In a word, he was at home in it.....The gentlemen of sawdust and spangles notoriety now rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. We see them upon the Rialto day after day, night after night. Observe that pale and sad-looking man in suit of Tweed? There! That one who bows to the lady in black. From his abject look he might be taken for an undertaker with a streak of bad business. And yet 'twas he who, in the golden Summer time, set the country a-roaring, and made the country roar, and walkin ring. Yes! We do mean to say that the individual apostrophised is a clown, a living clown, whose every word, whose every gesture drew forth the loud-mouthed plaudits of the gaping and the listening throng. Look at him now. Dies'er be bold such a wreck of levity, such a shadow of mirth and jollification! "What ails him?" Nothing. It is the man's nature to be sad and funeral-like in the realities of life. In the lighted tent, amid the glitter and glare of arenic paraphernalia, and before the glad some faces of crowded gatherings, it is his business to be funny, to grimace, to tell jocular jokes, and to give utterance to comic songs. "What! *that* man?" The same. You see him now as he is—in the circus ring you see him as he isn't. "Why he looks like a man who has lost his last friend, and is on the brink of suicide." Yes, that's very true; but he's off duty now—his rations have been stopped, as it were. Money makes the mare go, and money makes the clown go. His appearance in the ring is the signal for an outburst that would make happy the greatest star that ever pranced the boards. His "here we are, marster!" brings down the house in a whirlwind of applause. And when he tells his funny little jokes, while the noble steed of the red man of the forest is taking a rest after his arduous evolutions through the jungle of his native heath, so to speak, you'd think the armies of the nation were moving on to Cuba, such is their enthusiasm and delight. See! he halts, he hesitates, he enters. It is "the midnight of noon." "Is he on some charitable mission bent?" No, he is after his beer. And there's the seraph whose upturned eyes and exposed limbs have set many a gay and verdant youth wild with excess of joy as she on her "swift charger" whirled around the circle. "Why, *she* don't look like a circus rider." No; but she is one of the mostdaring equestriennes that ever encased her nether limbs in silken hose, or sat down to a hasty dish of pork and beans. "Married?" Yes; but the public is not to know *that*. Mister Shakespeare alleges, and the allegation has never been refuted, that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. The bard of Avon is correct; but neither actresses nor equestriennes when married are accepted with the same degree of public favor as when they are single. Hence they wear their juvenility upon their breasts, and age cannot stale their infinite loveliness. "Shall we follow her?" Were ill to do so. Although her profession obliges her to unveil her charms, she is both virtuous and refined, and happiest when surrounded by her husband and children. Yes, they are all coming to town to look up engagements for the campaign of '74. Let managers be liberal in their terms, and not coerce performers into accepting low salaries on the plea of a financial panic. When the tending season comes round the panic will have been numbered among the things that were; and if crops give goodly promise of a golden yield, the lightning ticket-sellers will have all the business they can attend to. Therefore, take no advantage of the present monetary crisis, nor let it operate to the injury of the poor performers when the bloom is on the rye, and all the earth pours forth her richest treasures. Managers, have due consideration for the needs of those you are about to engage. "Live and let live!".....It was with no ordinary feeling of determination of Jerry Daboll, general utility man, to leave the dramatic scenes and halls of dazzling light for the uncertain vocation of carver in a cheap restaurant. We sought to divert him from his purpose, but our words were all in vain. We pointed out to him the deplorable life he was about to enter upon, of the greasy nature of his duties, and of the detestation in which he would be held by his companions of the sock and buskin. His only reply was: "As a carver, there will be no fear of my starving to death; as an actor, there is! I am resolved. 'My soul and body on the issue.'" Jeremiah is duly installed behind a big carving-knife and white apron, and famine no longer stares him in the face. In the language of a Philadelphia undertaker:

IN MEMORIAM.

Put away those little dresses
That our Jimmy used to wear;
He will need them on earth, never—
He's carving 'neath the kitchen stair.

.....Daly's new theatre is to be opened to the public on December 3d, and "Fortune" is the suggestive title of the play to be presented on the initial performance. Although Daly loses his right to bower Clara Morris, his left bower Fanny Davenport and queen of hearts Sarah Jewett should enable Manager Daly to play a winning hand. At all events, let us hope that his new venture may not prove to be a mine of "Fortune."..... "Our Jim" in the goodness of his heart, took old Bill Toxes to see the fun, promising him a rare night of boxing sport. Judge of their disgust when they beheld, not a box—or "passage-at-arms," as Mace would call it—between real live boxers, but a trick with a common wooden box. James paid for the beer to induce the old gentleman to keep quiet about it, but, like the man in the box, it got out in some mysterious manner..... The Union-square Theatre is to go "Astray" next week. Let us have peace, friends; we do not mean to insinuate that the house is to give up, but that a new play with that title is to be produced. We are one of those comical critics with which the metropolis abounds, and we are bound to have our little joke, though the fair land of Cuba should run rivers of gore, and "the Spanish banner bathed in blood should float above the walls of vanquished Quito." Last week our voice was *not* for war; this week it is. Let Cuba beware!

CITY SUMMARY.

ADDITIONAL ZEST was given to the pleasing entertainments that Tony Pastor provides for his patrons at his Opera-house in the Bowery, by the fresh appearances of Prince Sadi d'Jalma, George S. Knight and Joe Lang on the evening of Nov. 17. The first named, in feats of contortion, displayed such marvelous suppleness of limb as to cause the spectator to mentally question if his body was composed of the usual complement of bones. His various difficult poses were accomplished with apparent ease and characterized by grace. George S. Knight, whose performances at this house some weeks ago convinced us that he was entitled to a front rank among Dutch comiques, was almost entirely incapacitated from performing in consequence of suffering from severe hoarseness. He came before the audience, and, after apologetically referring to the state of his health, attempted to sing a song. The audience, sympathizing with his condition, did not redemand. He attempted a recitation, which, although the effect was somewhat marred, elicited hearty laughter and applause. Joe Lang, with whose performances the public is familiar, gave satisfaction by his impersonation of Oliver Locomotive in the sketch "Knock Me Down." Pendy sang about Isabella, in imitation of an English comic singer. T. Granger evinced the possession of sterling ability in an India-rubber song-and-dance, during which he introduced imitations of an Irish-reel dancer. A prominent feature of the entertainments were the serio-comic songs of Jennie Engel, and her charming toilet of white satin attracted much attention. As a novelty, the Freeman Sisters sang in character a new version of "The Whistling Thief," arranged as a duet, which created a favorable impression. Tony Pastor, by his wit, spirit and earnestness which he infused into his comic songs, roused the enthusiasm of the audience to a high degree, which was only allayed after his fifth or sixth reappearance. A new verse, alluding to the Cuban imbroglio, was added to the song of "The Flag of All Nations," and the Cuban flag was likewise displayed, being vociferously applauded. "Servants by Legacy" introduced Billy Barry, Larry Tooley, C. F. Seabert and Miss Hannah Birch, and a local dramatic sketch called "The Match Girl of New York" concluded the performances. A good business has been done, and the Tuesday matinees have become so popular that on those occasions the capacity of the auditorium, both seating and standing, is severely tested. Mrs. George Ware, Eugene Blitz, and Maffitt and Jeffreys are announced for this week.

MRS. CHARITY, the wife of P. T. Barnum the well known showman, died of paralysis at her residence in Park Place, Brooklyn, this city, on Wednesday, Nov. 19, at the age of 65 years. The funeral took place at Bridgeport, Ct., at one o'clock on Saturday, the 22d. Mr. Barnum is absent in Europe.

G. B. HARCOURT and Miss M. Harcourt arrived in the steamship Pembroke from Cardiff on Nov. 17.

PROF. G. MARKUS has left the "Buffalo Bill" Combination and returned to this city.

A CHROMO OF EDWIN BOOTH in the character of Hamlet has been sent us by Bencke & Scott of 207 Fulton street. The likeness is excellent, and the pose easy and graceful. The whole style of the execution is above the average production of its type.

THE ILLNESS OF TONY HART prevented his appearance at the Theatre Comique during the past week, and consequently the new sketch of "The Blackball Sailors"—in which he and Mr. Harrigan will be supported—was postponed, and a sketch entitled "Shamus O'Brien at Home," acted by Mr. Harrigan and Miss Marie Gorenflo, was given instead. Miss Jennie Worrell did not appear as announced. R. M. Carroll and his three talented little sons received a hearty greeting, and elicited the enthusiastic approbation of the audiences during the performances of their well-known specialties. The grotesque dancing and hat spinning of the Majiltons were continued. Miss Jennie Hughes sang new serio-comic sons containing hits on the times, which were heartily applauded. Character dancing by Kitty O'Neil, songs in male attire by Little Jennie Yeamans, songs-and-dances by James Bradley, and the sketches of "Our Special Artists," "The Graphic Balloon," and "The Flower Girl," a new one by Poole, filled out the programme. In these programme. In these programme, Charles Hunter, Frank Kerns, J. A. Graver, R. M. Hall, J. S. Crossen, D. A. Kelly, G. L. Stout and Miss Jennie Satterlee, in addition to others already seen, performed with their accustomed skill. The average attendance was good. For the present week, Miss Sophie Elmo, vocalist, and Thomas Harper, one-legged song and-dance performer, are to make their metropolitan debut, and Mr. and Mrs. John Wild their reappearances. As Tony Hart's physician assures the manager that he will positively be able to reappear on Nov. 24, "The Blackball Sailors" is announced for that date, also a new sketch by R. M. Carroll called "The McFadden Family," in which he and his three sons will appear, together with the new sketches entitled "Bunko, or the Man About Town," and "Cuba, or the Lone Star Ours." On Dec. 1 the Worrell Sisters are to appear in variation.

LIZZIE KELSEY, now at Niblo's Garden, has been engaged for the Metropolitan, opening there on Dec. 8.

GEORGE ATKINS, now at Niblo's Garden, also Lisa Weber and party, open at Fox's Theatre, Philadelphia, on Dec. 8, for a season of burlesque.

N. D. ROBERTS, agent for Maffitt & Bartholomew Pantomime Troupe, arrived in this city on Nov. 22.

A NEW LOCAL DRAMA by Mrs. Maria Walsh, entitled "Our City," was acted, for the first time on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre on Nov. 17, and ran during the week. It is in five acts, is well written, and the situations are effectively arranged. Although twenty-five characters figured in the cast, the important roles were restricted to five or six. By means of a forged will a large estate is perverted from the rightful heirs, and made to enrich an unscrupulous lawyer and an unworthy nephew of the testator. A genuine will had been executed prior to the old man's death, and witnessed by his housekeeper (Mrs. Roland, who was thereby made a legatee, with an inheritance of $10,000), and Ned Osgood, a clerk in the office of the scheming lawyer. A compact as to the division of the property having been entered into between the lawyer and the nephew, a forged will is prepared; and in order to get rid of the witnesses to the signature of the genuine document, they are induced for a large sum of money to obliterate from their memory all recollection of that occurrence. Scornfully refusing to accept such bribes, Mrs. Roland, through the connivance of unscrupulous physicians, is confined in a private lunatic asylum; and Ned Osgood, by means of bonds which have been surreptitiously placed in Osgood's overcoat pocket during the latter's temporary absence from the office, is arrested for larceny, convicted, and imprisoned at Sing Sing. The real heirs to the estate are rendered highly penitent, and, by means of spies and agents of the lawyer, prevented from obtaining employment, and kept in a state of abject poverty, so that they are thereby prevented from instituting any legal proceedings for the recovery of the estate. But justice eventually triumphs. Ned Osgood, after the expiration of his sentence, determines to right the foul wrong that has been committed. He rescues Mrs. Roland from the lunatic asylum, and aided by valuable information which has been picked up by Johnny Ryan, who figures extensively in the underplot, overthrows the plans of the scoundrels, recovers the estate, and reunites the long-separated husband and wife, who are the true heirs. Miss Kate Raymond, who began an engagement with the week, acted the character of Johnny Ryan, a young Irish lad of the period, with charming naturalness and vivacity. She is endowed by nature with a figure and face admirably adapted for the representation of such characters, and it would have been difficult to divine her sex, had not the play-bills announced it. She has evidently made a close study of the habits and manners of the youth of the period, and too much praise cannot be awarded her efforts in the present instance. In voice, gesture and action she was well-nigh perfection. Ned Osgood was cleverly impersonated by J. P. Winter, a great favorite with the patrons of this theatre, and a conscientious, painstaking actor. J. Ferris as John Blake, the unscrupulous lawyer, was thoroughly in earnest, and almost demoniac in manner, in persecuting his innocent victims. P. Connolly costumed Richard Arlington tastefully, and presented the man of fashion with a gentlemanly ease and unaffected humor. Edson as Dr. Hamilton was quite dignified. Mrs. W. G. Jones was thoroughly earnest in her portrayal of Laura Graham, one of the rightful heirs. Nellie Meeker, although briefly seen, delivered her lines with a pathos which at once stamped her as a genius. Mrs. Roland was effective as Mrs. Roland. Mrs. P. Connolly as Ann Grey, a keeper in the lunatic asylum, gave a vigorously natural impersonation thereof. Miss T. Malvern and Miss S. Smith gave capital bits of acting in a single scene as Mrs. Doolan and Mrs. Fogarty, respectively. The remaining characters included a police officer, burglar, detective, pawnbroker, organ-grinder, and a bootblack, upon all of which care and attention were bestowed. The attendance was fair, but the effects of the panic were visible. The drama was preceded by one entitled "Heaven Defend the Right," with Harry J. Seymour in a chief character, and supplemented by "Mose in the Bowery," with D. and Belle Berry in prominent parts, both of which were repeated on Saturday evening to "Jack Sheppard," with Miss Raymond in the title role. Miss Louise Sylvester commences an engagement on Nov. 24, acting in Fred G. Maeder's drama of "Nip."

A LARGE AND INTELLIGENT AUDIENCE were entertained on the evening of Thursday, the 20th instant, in Association Hall, corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, by the accomplished artists Miss Clara Norris and Mr. John S. Norton, who gave a number of select dramatic and humorous recitations. The proceeds of the benefit are to be devoted to the furtherance of the benevolent objects of the "Working Women's Protective Union." In consequence of the frequent calls made upon the Union by worthy women who have been reduced to want by being unavoidably thrown out of employment, it has become apparent that an increase in the funds of the institution will be necessary to enable it to fully carry out its benevolent purposes during the coming Winter. In view of this fact, Miss Norris and Mr. Norton generously consented to give this benefit, which, we are pleased to say, was a success financially and otherwise. The selections of the evening were commenced by Counsellor John G. Boyd of the CLIPPER BUILDING, who in an appropriate speech gave an account of the manner in which the benevolent objects of the "Working Women's Protective Union" carried out. He also referred to the well-known fact that thousands of women who were compelled to support themselves —and many of them their children—by their own labor, had been thrown out of employment, and were reduced to absolute want; and stated that it was the duty of all to help in the work of saving those women and children from sorrow and starvation. The recitations by Miss Norris were rendered with all that lady's accustomed brilliancy and power. In her Elizabeth and Mary she proved herself to be "every inch a queen," and in many pieces elicited frequent applause. Mr. Norton's recitations were excellent. In his humorous pieces he kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter, and his dramatic renderings were repeatedly encored and loudly applauded. During the evening a grand organ of the hall discoursed delicious music, which added greatly to the entertainment. We hope that the money realized by the sale of tickets will be speedily applied to the relief of those for whose benefit it was intended, and that many a family will be fed and clothed, and many a sad mother's heart be made to rejoice, by this kind and praiseworthy effort of Miss Norris and Mr. Norton.

"THE HORNET" is a sprightly illustrated theatrical journal, published in London, Eng., and edited by Mr. Stephen Fiske, who was a few years ago connected with some of the leading journals of this city. *The Hornet* recently so severely stung a London theatrical critic, who employed his leisure as a war-office clerk, that he claimed redress in a court of law; but, singularly, the castigated theatrical critic was richly deserved, for the counsel for the prosecution failed to sustain the charge; and the fearless insect still buzzes for the edification of English professionals. American artists desiring to advertise in its columns can obtain rates and other information in a card in our business department.

"JEALOUSY," a new four-act play by Clifton W. Tayleure, is to be produced at the Union-square theatre during the present season. Also "Lillian's Last Love," a new play by Bronson C. Howard, recently produced at Chicago.

G. L. Fox's reappearance in pantomime should be hailed with acclamations of delight by the patrons of the Grand Opera-house, where that auspicious event is announced to occur on Nov. 24, "A Flash of Lightning" having run its course on the 22d. "Humpty Dumpty Abroad" is the title of the new pantomime, for which new scenery, tricks and properties have been prepared. G. L. Fox is to be the Clown; C. K. Fox, Pantaloon; Herr Karl Lind, Harlequin; and Miss Emily Rigl, Columbine. Among the incidental attractions "Joe a numerous host" led by Betty and Emily Rigl; the Jakley Family in acrobatic feats; the Martens Family in Tyrolean warblings and the famous "Cat Duet;" and acrobatic feats by Herr Karl Lind.

THE CHRISTMAS FOR THE POOR of the Fourteenth Ward, given by Josh Hart at the Theatre Comique on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 20, was highly successful. We are personally cognizant that Capt. Clinchy, the police captain who has supervision of that Ward, acknowledges the receipt of one thousand one hundred and thirty-four dollars and seventy-five cents. Much good can be done with that amount of money to alleviate the immediate necessities of the indigent poor. Too much praise cannot be awarded Mr. Hart for his generous liberality; and the company engaged in the performance are entitled to commendation for their co-operation and exertions to please those assembled. The following eminent performers voluntarily gave their valuable professional services and aided materially in the success of the enterprise: Tony Pastor, America's great comic vocalist; Tooley Dutch comedy; Harry D. Davies, the well-known ventriloquist; Dick Sands, clog dancer; Langlois, the Egyptian juggler; Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Harcourt, operatic duettists, making their first appearances in that style of business in America; Archy Hughes, Ethiopian comedian; and Little Alice Bennett, vocalist. The knowledge of the good these artists have accomplished will be their best reward. If other managers in the city were to emulate Mr. Hart's noble example by instituting similar benefit performances, it would alleviate much of the suffering certain to fall upon the poor before the Winter is over.

JOHN E. OWENS, supported by his own dramatic company, commenced an engagement at Wood's Museum on Monday evening, Nov. 17, Mr. Owens appearing in two of his specialties—Joshua Butterby in "The Victims," and Solon Shingle in the drama of that name. His great merits as a comedian and his excellence in both the roles named are so patent to our readers that any comment thereon would be like "gilding refined gold." The company, consisting of the following ladies and gentlemen, gave excellent support: Augustus Pitou, H. C. Rynar, Charles Morris, C. H. Thompson, F. McKinney, Charles Watkins, J. L. Gallagher, Thomas Chapman, Chas. Fiske, Frank Hamilton, the Misses Florence Noble, Carrie Jamison, Ellen Morant, Clara Rainford, Hattie Thorpe, and Mrs. C. H. Thompson. The attendance was large, and no change occurred in the programme during the week, save that "Dreams of Delusion" was given on the Saturday matinee instead of "The Victims." At the customary matinees, Miss Louise Hawthorne, supported by the regular company of the Museum, acted in "The Hunchback." During the evenings the Museum company appeared at the new theatre in Jersey City, N. J.

PROSPERITY seems to crown the efforts of Bryant's Minstrels. The opening chorus of "See, Sir, See," introducing "Lucy Neal," revived recollections of the palmy days of minstrelsy. "Call Me Your Darling," sung by Charles Templeton; and "Barney Aileen," by William Dwyer, were the only variations made in the first part; and the revival of "Deaf as a Post" the only change in the olio. Bob Hart's new sketch of "A Slippery Day" continues to be one of the chief features.

MISS JAMES COLLIER died on Saturday morning, Nov. 22, at the age of 26 years. Her maiden name was Charlotte Augusta Cave, and she was a member of the company attached to the Union-square Theatre. On Sunday, Nov. 9, she complained of an intended headache, and on her return complained of feeling chilly. During that week she fulfilled her duties at the theatre, but was occasionally heard by her companions to complain of feeling cold. On the 17th she was taken ill with inflammation of the bowels, and on Wednesday her physician decided that she could by no means recover. On Thursday morning, Nov. 20, she was married to Mr. James W. Collier the well-known actor, by the Rev. Father Preston of St. Ann's Church, in Twelfth street, from which church on Monday morning the 24th, her funeral took place, and a requiem high mass was celebrated by the same priest who had three days previously performed the marriage rite. Mrs. Collier was of an amiable disposition, and her cheerful temperament endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. A number of professional ladies and gentlemen attended the obsequies, and Mr. Collier will have in his deep affliction the sympathy of a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

BILLY PASTOR is negotiating for the Odeon, Newark, N. J., to run it as a first-class variety show.

"BRUTUS, OR THE FALL OF TARQUIN," was the bill of the play at Booth's Theatre last week. It did not prove successful, however, the attendance not being very large. This week Mr. Booth will appear as Othello. Iago, and Shylock, business not warranting the continuation of one play for the entire week.

MISS CLARA MORRIS opened at the Union-square Theatre on November 17 in "The Wicked World." She did not achieve a pronounced success, although her acting is entitled to favorable mention. The play will not become popular.

GEORGE H. GRIFFITHS has seceded from the companies under the management of Augustin Daly.

BLIND TOM is to give concerts at Steinway Hall on November 25, 28, and a matinee 29.

THE NEW FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE, under the management of Augustin Daly, is to be opened on Wednesday evening, Dec. 3, inaugurating his fifth regular comedy season. An original opening address has been written for the occasion by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; and "Fortune," a comedy in five acts, written expressly for this company by Mr. James Albery, will be the opening attraction. The following ladies and gentlemen will comprise the company: The Misses Ada Dyas, Fanny Davenport, Sara Jewett, Fanny Morant, Minnie Conway, Alice Grey, Marie Gordon, Nellie Mortimer, Nina Varian, Mary Marcy, Kate Congdon, Griffiths, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert. Messrs. Charles Fisher, George Clarke, James Lewis, Louis James, W. Davidge, Frank Hardenberg, Owen Fawcett, George Parkes, Hart Conway, D. Whiting, George Devere, J. G. Peakes, F. M. Chapman, W. H. Beekman, and D. H. Harkins. Miss Ada Dyas is from the Princess' Theatre, London, Eng. She made her first appearance on the stage at Sadler's Wells in 1861, acting Prince John of Lancaster in "Henry IV," since which time her progress has been rapid, and she is now considered an equal with Madge Robertson and Ada Cavendish. Harvey Dodsworth will be the leader of the orchestra; John Moore, prompter; J. W. Morrissey, treasurer, and A. Appleton, business manager.

GILMORE'S TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT BAND gave its first concert at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, Nov. 18.

"SHODDY SOCIETY" is the name of a new play just completed by Dominick Murray, which he will produce during his next engagement in this city.

AUGUSTIN DALY'S Fifth-avenue Theatre Company is to perform "New Year's Eve" at the Harlem Theatre, on Thanksgiving night.

THE GARRICK AMATEUR DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION are to give their first annual performance at Robinson Hall, on Dec. 1, and the receipts are to be donated to the Memphis sufferers.

NIBLO'S GARDEN was well-filled upon the nights of Friday and Saturday last, those nights having been set apart for the benefit of the attaches of the theatre, when they divided equally with the managers the amount received for all tickets sold by themselves. "The Black Crook" will continue the attraction until Dec. 8, when a fairy Christmas piece, written by E. L. Blanchard and entitled "The Children in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle and Old Father Time," with the Vokes Family in prominent characters, will be produced for the first time in America. There will be some new music by Michael Rosenberg, new scenery by Voegtlen, and new costumes by Mr. and Mrs. Vokes. The Madrigal Boys will be retained, and Mlle. Bonfanti will reappear.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS is to read under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association at Association Hall on Dec. 1.

ROBERT MCWADE closed his engagement at the Olympic Theatre on Nov. 22. It may be said that he achieved a satisfactory artistic success, if not a financial one. "Enoch Arden," with Edwin Adams in the title role, and supported

adelphia, two weeks, and then returns to Wall's Opera-house. Little Nell commences a week's engagement on Nov. 24.....Manager Saville announces that the National Theatre will positively be opened Dec. 1, with Maggie Mitchell as the stellar attraction."

AMUSEMENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., are thus written about by our correspondent under date of Nov 15: "Mr. Shiel Barry has redeemed himself as an actor in the eyes of the multitude. For over three weeks his light was hidden beneath a cloud of plays, and only at the close of his engagement did it burst in view like the sun through a San Francisco fog. Mr. Barry is now regarded as an unfortunate actor, who wanted an opportunity to reveal his talents and bring success to himself and the California Theatre. The opportunity was looked for in vain through Mr. Gayler's plays, and it was not found in 'The Foster Brother,' the drama which Mr. Gayler purchased from Mr. Johns. Mr. Barry's artistic redemption was effected through 'Arrah na Pogue,' which was produced on Nov. 12. He acted Michael Feeny and won an instantaneous success. The attendance immediately rose to something like the standard usually seen at this theatre, and Mr. Barry's performance met with enthusiastic applause. Without referring at length to his Michael Feeny, as its merits have been fully acknowledged in these columns, the generalization is made that it was received as the best known to the local stage. The entire representation of the drama was quite satisfactory, with Maggie Moore as Arrah, Ellie Wilton as Fanny Power, Williamson as Shaun, Edwards as O'Grady, Walter Leman as the Secretary, and E. J. Buckley as Oiney Farrell, the last-named actor making a very notable hit. Until next January, when Mr. McCullough reappears either in 'Richelieu' or 'The Gladiator,' Mr. Barton Hill will endeavor to run the theatre without stars, and depend upon attractive plays, well mounted and cast to the full strength of the company. The first event will be the production on the 17th of 'Field and Fireside,' an original American society drama written by Mr. B. A. Williams of Philadelphia. Mr. Lewis Morrison, who owns the drama, will play the leading character. On the 25th Mr. W. A. Meatayer produces for his annual benefit a new drama, written by himself and Mr. Ryan, called 'Long Branch.' In its representation Mr. Meatayer will receive the assistance of Mrs. Emily Jordan. Among the plays in preparation are 'The Geneva Cross,' 'She Stoops to Conquer, 'The Rivals,' 'The Hunchback,' 'The Lancashire Lass,' 'The Three Guardsmen,' 'Lost in London,' and the spectacle of 'Lurline.'.....At Platt's Hall 'Light-house Cliffs,' a pretty romance, fragrant with the salt breezes of the sea, has been produced with fair success. The author of the drama was the late Frank Murdoch, and much better work is revealed in it than in any other of his pieces that have been seen in this city. The drama is in three acts, the scene is partly in a light-house on the New England coast and partly on a sailing vessel at sea, and the action occurs during a single night. Oliver and Hiram Liveoak, who are aged brothers, are keepers of a light-house. They are greatly attached to each other, although Oliver was supplanted in his youthful love by Hiram; but from thenceforth, while the one romance went out of his life, he never ceased to be an amiable, self-denying man. The object of their early love is dead; but a daughter, Mary, survives, and her well is the chief solicitude of the brothers. May is betrothed to Ralph Undertow, a hard-fisted, tender-hearted toiler of the sea; but, poor moth, she is dazzled by the elegance and polish of a New York *rou*e. It is almost the story of Steerforth and Little Em'ly over again. May elopes, but upon the eve of the lovers' take passage on to New York is an old weather-beaten captain, who reveals to May the true nature of her companion. Brought back to her senses, she pleads to have the vessel set about for home, whereupon the old captain doffs a disguise and prays to be her forgiveness. The scene changes to the light house. The night is wild and stormy, and the lamps have been allowed by oversight to burn themselves out. Hiram learns of his daughter's flight, and fears that the vessel she is on is off the rocks. He refuses to have the lamps relit—he determines to leave his fate to Providence. His daughter finds him on his knees before him, and while standing as in a dream at the pathetic sight, the lamps are lighted—but too late! The vessel goes on the rocks; but all are unhurt, save the polished *rou*e, who is brought ashore in a dying condition, with a deep gash across his forehead. The painful scenes between father and daughter, but they are eventually reconciled, and May, after a bitter lesson, is reunited to Ralph. The acting was for the most part respectable; J. A. Herne playing Oliver; D. C. Anderson, Hiram; and Alice Vane, May. After the drama Little Miss Remple-ton gave a wonderful performance in her imitations of Parepa Rosa, Jennie Lee and Susan Galton.....No change occurred at the Opera-house, where 'The Grand Duchess' was continued a second week to good business. 'Perichole' will be produced on the 17th. To relieve the tedium of constant performance the Galton troupe, Manager Maguire has engaged Madame Agatha States to sing on Sunday and Thursday nights.....At the Alhambra the company remains the same, with Dick Carroll and family underlined.....Madame Anna Bishop will shortly depart for Australia."

HOWARD, LACHORISE & CARLE'S "Magic Talisman" company are to commence a season at Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 24.

J. DELMON GRACE, the well-known actor, is still an invalid at Providence, R. I., and in destitute circumstances. Such members of the profession as may care to assist him in his distress can forward their contributions to him at No. 20 Cranston street, in that city.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS in Baltimore, Md., are thus written about by our correspondent on Nov. 22: "Mr. E. A. Sothern continued to draw well during his second week at the Grand Opera-house. On Monday and Tuesday evenings 'Brother Sam' and 'Dundreary Married and Settled' were presented. Mr. Sothern was effectively supported in these pieces by Edwin Varrey, W. H. Curley, Alice Brooks, Emma Stockman and Mrs. Germon. On Wednesday evening 'David Garrick' and 'The Rough Diamond' were given. Miss Minnie Walton made her first appearance in this city in the former play, impersonating Ada Ingot, and creating quite a sensation by her beauty, piquancy and captivating rendition of the role. Vining Bowers played Squire Chivy in a praiseworthy manner. The same bill on Thursday and Friday afternoon, 'Brother Sam' and 'The Rough Diamond;' at night, 'Our American Cousin.' Maggie Mitchell commences a week's engagement on Nov. 24; Joseph Jefferson Dec. 1.....A theatrical season will be inaugurated at the Maryland Institute, under the management of John A. Stevens, on Nov. 26, with Frank Mayo and Rosa Rand as the stellar attractions. These are to be succeeded on Dec. 1 by Little Nell, and on the 8th the Scouts of the Prairie Combination, including Wild Bill, Texas Jack and Mlle. Morlacchi. The hall at this place, though not well adapted for dramatic purposes, is very large and elegantly arranged. A new curtain and additional properties and scenery are in the course of construction.....The Front-street Theatre regaled its patrons with a very enjoyable bill, and crowds were on hand to be feasted. The Jakley troupe of acrobats, ten in number, opened on Nov. 17, and their varied and wonderful performance created quite a sensation. The Foy Sisters, who are old favorites, were cordially welcomed, their serio-comic duets giving general satisfaction. Miss Sophie Elma improved in the popular estimation during her second week, the change in her vocal selections allowing her somewhat better scope to use her voice to advantage. 'The Child-Stealer,' a drama in three acts, was handsomely placed upon the stage, Edeson, Radcliff, Chester, Barnes, Annie Chester and Sallie Partington sustaining the principal characters. Radcliff was rather too melodramatically sinister and sardonic. On Thursday afternoon a benefit was given to the poor of Baltimore, a goodly-sized audience assembling. Manager Sinn's practical charity is well worthy of imitation. The departures on Nov. 24 are the Jakley Troupe, to the Grand Opera-house, New York; Sophie Elma, to the Theatre Comique, Washington; Sam Devere, to the Comique, Washington; the Remmelsberg Sisters, the corps de ballet and the O'Donohue, all to Trimble's, Pittsburgh. The following imposing list of novelties is announced for appearance on the 24th: The Royal Japanese Troupe, Billy Ashcroft, Kittie Brooke, Mons. Emil Goroux and Olla Zumara, Foley and Wade, Susie Starr, Josephine Walby and Eugene F. Gorman."

FROM PITTSBURGH, PA., our latest advices, dated Nov. 21, are as follows: "Miss Charlotte Thompson commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Pittsburgh Opera-house on the 17th inst., appearing as Lady Isabel and Madame Vine in 'East Lynne.' The secret of the popularity of Miss Thompson's acting, in Pittsburgh at least, is its charming simplicity, naturalness and delicacy of coloring. She never overdoes anything, and her acting is always pleasing. Her characterizations on this occasion were as worthy of and received the same approbation as her previous efforts. The Archibald Carlyle of Mr. J. N. Gotthold was manly, careful and effective, and the Barbara Hare of Miss Emma Wilmot, the Joyce Halliburton of Miss Rickards, and the Sarah Carlyle of Mrs. Sarah A. Baker were also commendable representations, while the other artists in the cast were generally equal to the requirements of their roles. 'East Lynne' was reproduced on the 18th. 'The Hunchback' was given on the 19th, with Miss Thompson as Julia, Mr. Gotthold as Master Walter; 'Romeo and Juliet' on the 20th, with Miss Thompson as Juliet and Mr. Gotthold as Romeo; and 'One Wife' will be presented on the 21st for Miss Thompson's benefit, the beneficiary appearing as Mrs. Haller. Business very fair. The 'Sea of Ice' will be produced on the 24th, with Miss Thompson as the central attraction. Messrs. J. P. Delmar and E. D. Langley have been recently added to the stock company.....A dramatic company, the chief attractions of which are Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, and Mlle. Morlacchi and a party of genuine Indians, inaugurated a week's entertainment at the Academy of Music on the 17th, appearing in 'The Scouts of the Plains.' The piece presents a tolerably faithful picture of border life, its dangers and vicissitudes, and the leading characters are so effectively acted as to call forth vociferous applause, the galleries contributing more than their share in making these demonstrations. All of the characters are acceptably rendered. Attendance fair. Mr. Robert McAnlis, Adam Forepaugh's treasurer last season, is now acting in a like capacity for Manager Bennet at this theatre, and Mr. McAnlis will be the chief treasurer for all entertainments given at Library Hall, under the direction of Mr. Beamer. Maffitt & Bartholomew's Pantomime Combination is to exhibit at the Academy of Music on the 26th, for a night only, and a German dramatic company of Pittsburgh will take the theatre for the succeeding nights of the week.....Lingard's Comedy Company gave one entertainment at Library Hall on the 20th to a rather slim attendance. The comedy of 'War to the Knife' and some twenty of Lingard's sketches composed the bill.....The Sabrini engagement, on the 14th and 15th, was pecuniarily a failure."

MISS JANE COOMBS was the attraction at the Opera-house, St. Paul, Minn., the past week. She appeared on Nov. 17 in "London Assurance," and though supported by an excellent company, has so far failed to draw remunerative houses, wrote our correspondent on Nov. 20: "Miss Coombs sustained the role of Lady Gay Spanker with marked ability, and was very favorably received. Mr. J. E. Whiting as Dazzle and J. H. Connor as Mark Meddle created a good impression, and enacted their respective parts in such a manner as left nothing to be desired. The remainder of the cast was well sustained by the company, with the exception of the character of Grace Harkaway, which, as enacted by Miss C. J. Johnson, was rather an indifferent performance. 'The Hunchback' was produced on the 18th with Miss Coombs as Julia. The support was fair throughout. Particularly noticeable was the character of Master Walter as rendered by Mr. W. C. Pope, whose conception was admirable and interpretation excellent. 'The Honeymoon,' 'Love's Sacrifice,' 'Clouds and Sunshine' and 'Ingomar' are the plays underlined for the balance of the week. The company's route ahead is Stillwater, Nov. 24, 25, Minneapolis 26, 27, 28, 29, Hastings, Dec. 1, Lacrosse, Wis., 2, 3, Dubuque, Ia., 4, 5."

T. J. HERNDON'S Opera-house company closed a two weeks' season at Belleville, Ont., on Nov. 20, and opened at Oshawa 22, for one week.

MISS NEILSON made her appearance at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., on Nov. 17, in "Romeo and Juliet," and has since been personating Juliet to exceptionally large and appreciative audiences. Our correspondent, on Nov. 20, says: "On Monday night some unknown admirer presented her with a large and beautiful pyramid of flowers, standing over four feet in height. Mr. Pope played Romeo in an artistic and effective manner, and received a generous share of the fervid applause. The company rendered very satisfactory support, and several members exceeded their usual degree of excellence. Miss Phillips as the Nurse gave that character a prominence seldom received, while Messrs. Rand and Weston as Mercutio and Benvolio were unusually good. The play has been put on the stage with much care and good taste, many of the scenes being strikingly beautiful. 'Romeo and Juliet' will hold the boards the entire week. On Nov. 24, and for four evenings, 'The Hunchback' will be the programme, with Miss Neilson as Julia.....Mr. F. S. Chanfrau opened at De Bar's Opera-house on Nov. 17 in 'Kit, the Arkansas Traveler,' and has been meeting with good success, the house, particularly the upper tiers, being densely packed at each performance. The character assumed by Mr. Chanfrau is executed with great force and naturalness. Mr. Geo. D. Chaplin played Manuel Bond, the polished and plausible villain, to perfection. Messrs. Krone and Grierson, as the chronic bummers, were a prominent feature of the performance; Mr. Ellis' personation of the English Lord was an artistic success; Archie Boyde, a young protege of this house, played the German emigrant woman, and gave evidence of latent talent which deserves cultivation. Mr. Chanfrau will remain another week."

MARTINETTI & BARTHOLOMEW'S Flick and Flock Company commence a season of three nights at the Grand Opera-house, Harrisburg, Pa., on Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 27.

A NEW OPERA-HOUSE recently erected at Fall River, Mass., is to be formally dedicated on Dec. 1. It will seat 1,500 persons.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, supported by McVicker's dramatic company, is to give a matinee and three evening performances at Detroit, Mich., commencing Nov. 27.

WILSON & CLARKE are to commence a season at Lewiston, Me., Nov. 25, playing dramatic and variety stars in succession every two weeks. W. E. Stanley, agent, Kitty Stanley vocalist, and soubrette, and Gilbert Crewe, ventriloquist and change artist, will be among the features.

AT COL. WOOD'S MUSEUM, Philadelphia, the fourth and last week of the Oates Comic Opera Troupe, terminating on the 22d inst., was marked by the production of the "Prima Donna of a Night," "The Flower Girl of Paris," "Fortunio," and "The Pet of the Petticoats." Charles H. Drew, who appeared on the 17th inst., very acceptably filled the roles left vacant by the withdrawal from this troupe of W. H. Tilla, the former's musical and humorous abilities alike creating a favorable impression. The stock company will appear this week. Frank Mayo and Rosa Rand commence on the 1st of December in "Davy Crockett," followed by Augusta Dargon and John T. Raymond.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, who acted during the past week at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, O., appears to have created a profound impression by his excellent impersonation of Cassius in "Julius Cæsar," as will be seen by the following extract from *The Cincinnati Daily Times* of Nov. 18:

We doubt whether the play of "Julius Cæsar," at Wood's Theatre last evening, has ever been equaled by its former presentations in this city, in general excellence of cast, completeness of stage details, and imposing grandeur of the two foremost characters, Cassius and Brutus. There were faults in the acting, but the satisfaction of beholding a Cassius worthy of the name, and a Brutus in physique, manner of action, and dignity of bearing, suggestive of a perfect ideal of that noble Roman, would atone for all errors in the other roles, were they threefold as great. Lawrence Barrett, in all of his personations, shows that they are the result of untiring application, a masterly talent, and comprehensive perception of every minute requisite in the impressiveness, strength, and fullness of his art, but his Cassius is ready to forgive and pray forgiveness, as an appeal to principle as he is beyond them all, in that it is the work of genius. From the time when his personation, eloquent in every line, first sets the sentiment, is exerted on the mind and heart of Brutus to win his all-potent name and influence in the interests of the conspirators, to the tragic end on the field of Philippi, there is ever present a Cassius as quick to hate as he is to love, as fiery and impetuous as he is ready to forgive and pray forgiveness, and as strong in principle as he is in fearless of his enemy. And then, too, the unequaled shrewdness of this rabid Roman, that, even in the midst of a soul swayed by all-entreating love, could see further and plan better than ever Brutus did in his coolest moments, is so admirably sustained by the force of Mr. Barrett's genius, that the fiction of play almost attains a painful reality. Mr. Macauley as Marcus Brutus gave a superior rendition, and one that was worthy a place beside the Cassius of the evening. In the quarrel which follows himself by his brother, the thrilling reward received a spontaneous call before the curtain. * * * The audience last night was large, and greatly moved by the grand performance.

MUSICAL.

THE PEAK AND PRAEGER FAMILIES rang themselves into the favor of the good people of Springfield, Ill., Nov. 17, 18, Jacksonville 19, 20, Louisiana, Mo., 21, 22, and moved on to Hannibal 24, 25. Eddie Peak, whose specialties consist of performances on silver staff bells, French orchestra bells, Grecian chimes and Japanese piano, will join the troupe at Hannibal, instead of Peoria as had been previously arranged.

C. MILFORD, clarionet player, advertises for an engagement.

BLIND TOM concertized at Cotesville, Pa., Nov. 17.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS AND LADIES' CORNET BAND's dulcet strains will be heard at Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 1, Malden 2, Lexington 3, Arlington 4, East Boston 5, South Boston 6.

THE ALLEGHANIANS' SWISS BELLRINGERS, VOCALISTS AND LADIES' ORCHESTRAL BAND, under the management of D. G. Waldron, who is a prominent with the troupe, performed at Fayetteville, N. Y., Nov. 21, Baldwinsville 22, and are to be at Phœnix 24, Fulton 25.

WM. A. POND Co. of this city have just published "The Mulligan Guards," a new song-and-march.

PROF. JAMES S. ROBINSON, bandleader, advertises that he can be engaged; also that he can furnish a brass and string band.

THE TREMAINE BROTHERS AND JOHN G. PIERSON'S CONCERT TROUPE were at Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 19, Fayetteville 20, 21, and are to be at Tarboro 24, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 27.

HI HENRY advertises for a competent musician who can play first violin and alto.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS AND LADIES' CORNET BAND are announced at Bridgewater, Mass., for Nov. 24, Concord 25, Maynard 26, Hudson 27, Cohasset 28, Braintree 29, Chelsea, Dec. 1. As the company has been somewhat changed of late we publish a list of the present organization: Georgie Dean Spaulding, Nellie Daniels, Lena Russelle, Addie Cushman, Herbert Beckwith, Master Werner, Richard Byrnes, Daniel Hager, Harry Brockway, W. P. Spaulding, H. G. Sawin and G. A. Sawin.

THE STRAKOSCH CONCERT COMPANY went over to Brooklyn on Nov. 20, and gave a concert at "popular prices" at the Academy of Music; but as they did not include their leading vocalists in the performers, they met with but slim patronage. The concert was a good one, however, the brilliant vocalisms of Miss Jennie Bull, and Miss Ida Vosburgh being an especial feature. Capoul and Del Puenti sang, and Morrosini played solos on the piano; Behrend's orchestra furnishing some excellent overtures. Had they produced Nilsson, Carpi and Campanini, they would have had a large attendance.

THE FIRST of a series of Chamber Concerts, under direction of Otto Singer, was given at College Hall, Cincinnati, on the 21st.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY commenced an engagement of six nights and a matinee at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on Nov. 17. The opening opera was "Martha," and the generous reception accorded the company amounted almost to an ovation. As Lady Henrietta, Miss Kellogg gave that character a brightness and enchantment that added fresh beauties, and made the opera one far more touching and effective. Mrs. Seguin's Nancy was good, and her singing was warmly applauded. Joseph Maas as Lionel, G. Hall as Plunkett, and Mr. Seguin as Tristan, are deserving of mention. "Rigoletto" was given on Tuesday; "Faust," Wednesday; "La Diavolo," Thursday; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Friday; Saturday matinee, "Bohemian Girl;" night, "Maritana."..... The German Opera Company produced "Robert le Diable" at Liederkranz Hall on Nov. 18, assisted by the Kathi Lanner Opera Troupe.

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY AND SOL SMITH RUSSELL were to have commenced an engagement of three nights at the Richmond, Va., Theatre on Nov. 17, but on account of the severe weather did not do so until Tuesday evening. The Bergers are old favorites there, and usually draw full houses, but owing to the inclemency of the weather the attendance was small the first two nights. The company closed the 19th, going to Norfolk.

THE FIRST of Hoffman's popular concerts took place at Providence, R. I., on Nov. 17, to a good house.

A WELL-ATTENDED concert was given at the Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., on Nov. 16 by the Liederkranz Society, for the benefit of the Memphis sufferers.

A LEADER OF ORCHESTRA, who can play an E flat cornet and a first violin, and lady vocalists are wanted for the Original Empire Minstrels. Company, etc., are to be addressed as per advertisement, would also like to hear from the Riddell Sisters.

S. BOOTH, JR., advertises a set of silver bells for sale cheap.

WIENIAWSKI, violinist, is to perform at St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 25, 26.

SMITH'S BELLRINGERS and Charley Harrison, humorist, were at Red Oak, Ia., Nov. 19, Malvern 20, Glenwood 21, 22, Miss Etta Morgan, vocalist, left the company at Villisca, Ia., Nov. 17.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY are to sing at Dayton, O., Nov. 27. They have cancelled their dates at Detroit, Mich., Dec. 1, 2, 3.

TOSSO, violinist, Miss Emily Young, vocalist, and George D. Strong, zither soloist and performer on the musical glasses, are to perform at Mt. Vernon, Ind., Nov. 24, Vernon 25, Franklin 26, Edinburgh 27, Columbus 28, 29, Seymour, Dec. 1, 2.

THE CAMILLA URSO TROUPE, consisting of Camilla Urso, Edith Abell, Tom Karl and J. R. Thomas, will concertize at Detroit, Mich., Nov. 26.

O. E. ARNOLD, musical composer, can be addressed care of this office.

BLIND TOM gave a concert at Morton Hall, West Philadelphia, Pa., on the evening of the 19th inst.

THE OLD FOLKS' CONCERTS by the Caroline-Richings-Bernard Troupe continued to attract crowded houses at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, during the week ending Nov. 22. Every evening of their five weeks' season have been leased for church benefits.

MME. CAMILLA URSO, assisted by Miss Edith Abell, Mr. Tom Karl, Mr. J. R. Thomas and Mons. Auguste Sauret, gave a concert at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on the 20th inst., the attendance being large.

THE MUSIC CORPS of the 61th German Pioneer Battalion from Maintz an the Rhine), gave concerts at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, on the evenings of Nov. 19, 20, and at Schuetzen Hall in the same city 22, their farewell performance in Philadelphia being announced at Mozart Hall Chorch on the 23d.

THE HAMPTON STUDENTS will give a concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 27.

VARIETY HALLS.

LO-LO and the de Glorian Brothers, gymnasts, who are at present performing at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, can be addressed as per advertisement.

FANNY GILMORE, serio-comic vocalist, can be secured for vacant dates through her agents, Messrs. Jones & Daly of Philadelphia.

COLORED FIRES can be had of W. M. Dell of Chicago, who advertises.

THE ORIENTAL HALL, Streator, Ill., can be rented through the proprietors, whose card find elsewhere. It has a stage, with scenery, etc., and it will seat seven hundred persons. Charley Harrison, humorist, says it is one of the most convenient halls in Illinois.

R. D. CURTISS, scenic artist, who advertises, is prepared to furnish halls with scenery.

SHED AND JOHN LE CLAIR, grotesque artists and equilibrists, late of the Lalu Combination, advertise that they can be engaged.

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS comprise the company at the Theatre Comique, Jackson, Mich.: Ed. and Carrie Chrissie, Lew Hallet, Altie Hallet, Will H. Stowe, George Williams, Lillie Howe, and Den Howe, stage-manager. Talent is wanted. See card elsewhere.

FIRST-CLASS VARIETY ARTISTS are wanted for a season of two weeks at Reading, Pa., commencing Dec. 1 or 8. Address John D. Mishler, as per advertisement.

P. H. SZAMON, clown and general performer, is at present performing at Girardy's Opera-house, Augusta, Ga., where he can be addressed.

J. P. PATTERSON, banjoist and general performer, advertises for an engagement.

DRISCOLL, who can be addressed care of this office, wants a partner for song-and-dance business.

FIRST-CLASS male and female specialty artists are wanted to complete an organization of established reputation. See manager's card in another column.

MCLEAN'S STAR AGGREGATION AND BRASS BAND performed at Plattsburg, N. Y., Nov. 17, Chazzy 18, Moore's 19, Champlain 20, Alberg Springs 21, Swanton, Vt., 22. They next appear at Sheldon Springs 24, Enosburg Falls 25, Richmond 26.

PARTIES desiring to communicate with Mollie De Von can address Mollie C. Murphy, as per card in another column, which states that that lady and John C. Murphy, bone soloist and comedian, are prepared to accept engagements.

H. LINDLEY advertises for first-class variety artists and a few dramatic people, for the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada.

KATE GOSCHILD, an Irish serio-comic and ballad vocalist, who has just arrived in this country, is prepared to accept engagements. She can be addressed care of this office, and managers are referred to several extracts from English and Irish papers, published in our advertising department, which speak in flattering terms of the lady's abilities.

IONA LANG, vocalist, through a card elsewhere, returns thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Acker of Troy, N. Y., for favors received.

TIM COHEN, Irish character artist, advertises that he can be engaged.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Columbus, O., is doing a steadily increasing business. The new feature of the past week was Prof. Cline with his Peter Hontz Family. Millie Zoe goes to Cleveland, while Minnie Warren, Miss Foster, Clark Gibbs, Bailey, Harry Blood and Percy remain. Bob Robinson, Dutch comedian, made his first appearance this season on Nov. 17.

ALEX DAVIS, ventriloquist, is at present performing at Deagle's Theatre, Montreal, Canada.

JONES & DALY, dramatic and variety agents, Philadelphia, Pa., whose card is in another column, state that several of the leading variety artists can be engaged through their agency.

LESTER AND ALLEN, song-and-dance men, have been re-engaged at Simmons & Slocum's Opera-house, Philadelphia, Pa., where they can be addressed.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS, sensational stars and combinations are wanted at the Dominion Theatre, Montreal, Canada. See advertisement.

TALENT is wanted at the Theatre Comique, Williamsport, Pa. Address the proprietor, as per card elsewhere.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Galveston, Texas, Charles Knight closed on Nov. 15 and went to the Canterbury Varieties, Houston.

VIOLA STANLEY, Dora Dawron and Johnny Fisher closed at the Theatre Comique, Memphis, Tenn., on Nov. 17, going to Houston. Tim Morris and Ella Heflin commenced on Nov. 17.

NEILAN AND GILROY were the fresh appearances at the Theatre Comique, Quincy, Ill., during the past week.

THE NEW THEATRE COMIQUE, Jackson, Mich., was opened on Nov. 17, with the following company: Lew Hallet, W. H. Stowe, Ed. Chrissie, Den Howe, Carrie Chrissie, Altie Hallet, Lillie Howe and a troupe of Marionettes.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Joplin, Mo., under the management of James W. Wesley, the following were performing at the date of our latest advices: Johnny Johnson, character dancer; Ella Warner, vocalist; James Dillon, character vocalist; Tommy Capper, song-and-dance; Robert Frayne, Ethiopian comedian; James W. Wesley, vocalist and dancer.

NILES AND EVANS, song-and-dance artists, are in the twenty-fifth week of their engagement at Deagle's Opera-house, St. John, N. B., where they can be addressed.

AT THE RACE-STREET Varieties, Cincinnati, O., there has been no change in the company since last report, and biz. is slow.

SHANNEY, Webb & Mack's Variety Combination opens for a season at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, Dec. 8.

HOOLEY'S OPERA-HOUSE, in Brooklyn, is this week to be the scene of the performances of the "Royal Marionettes," which peculiar entertainment has been very successful in the past few weeks.

THE LATEST ARRIVALS at the Vandeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Nov. 17, were Millie Emma, vocalist; and Henry Evans, juggler, and in spite of the numerous other attractions, business has remained uniformly good. Millie Emma failed to make a hit in her specialties, and her name was dropped from the bills on performance after the first night. Evans is a fair juggler, and his Chinese act met with moderate applause. The present company remain, and no arrivals are announced.....Mr. L. Deagle of Cincinnati has taken a lease of the Comique, corner of Fourth and Green streets, and will open it on Dec. 2, under the name of Deagle's Louisville Variety Theatre. The intention is to make it a variety and sensational theatre, the programme opening with an olio performance, and closing with a sensational or show piece. A. W. Hall is to be the business manager.

SHELBY'S COMIQUE, Buffalo, N. Y., still enjoys a remarkable run of prosperity. Little Josie and James E. Carlton, the "Irish Lad," who is a premature old figure and pretty face, and does her serio-comics acceptably. Mr. Carton is a good comedian. Dan Shelby also appeared in a closing minstrel scene—he and Bartley sustaining the ends. Doc Kennedy received a substantial "down" on the 21st. Departures on the 22d were Revenl and Zeonetto to Alma Pittsburgh; Bartley and Duane to the Grand Central, Philadelphia; Hart and Cannon, destination unknown; and Lulu Francis, to Saginaw on a matrimonial expedition (the name of the happy man not forthcoming). The benefit of Josephined bill was presented at the Mozart Varieties the past week, and a liberal attendance prevailed. The first part consisted of a minstrel scene, with Clark and Mack on the ends and Harry Wood as interlocutor. Harry Guyr, Mlle. Bastian, also Harry Wood, came in Nov. 24. As these people were there recently, their business requires no comment further than to state that it was well executed and favorably received. One of the most prominent features of the entertainment was the cornet solo of Prof. Baugh. Joe Mack and Frank Clark closed on the 22d. Coming on the 24th are John Doyle, Frank West, comedians, and Billy Sheaman, club-swinger. Frank Clark, Blanch Fuller, also Joe and Annie Mack, open at the Erie Opera-house Dec. 1. It is rumored that Canterbury Hall will shortly be reopened under an efficient management and with a strong company.

THE REGULAR SEASON of the Mobile, Ala., Varieties opened on Nov. 15 with Mr. G. A. Hippler as sole proprietor; Professor A. Gass, musical director; G. W. Malmsburg, stage-manager; and T. Johnson, treasurer. The company as a whole is good, Mr. Malmsburg's songs and Miss Carter in particular. Miss De Vere, in the ballad "Beautiful Gates Ajar," received well-merited applause, and was encored. The season opened well, and there was another crowded house Monday evening, 17th.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Toledo, O., the new arrivals were Tilla Antonio, Kitty Sheldon, Frank Sheldon, Frank Harrington, and Tony Leon, the last two opening on Thursday, the others on Monday. Kitty O'Neil in her Irish specialities, and Lizzie Shelton in her skipping-rope dance, proved good cards. Tillie Antonio is an old acquaintance, and was well received. Wardour and McAndrews and Billy Carter, Nov. 24, are to open in Toronto on the 24th; but Miss L. being ill at present, they will be unable to do so, and will remain in Toledo two weeks longer. Miss Ida Wallace is to open in Cleveland, November 24. Miss Dora Carroll closed 22d, goes to Erie.

MISS LIZZIE SHELTON denies that she is married to Prof. Mitchell, fire demon, as was recently stated by a contemporary.

HARRY BLOODGOOD has leased the new Opera-house, Fall River, Mass., for one week commencing Dec. 8, and will open with a variety company.

AT WARD'S VARIETIES, Fall River, Mass., those closing on Nov. 22 were Johnny Moran, Jennie Poole, Thomas and Heeney, Lizzie Lagrange, George H. Adams, the Watson Brothers, and Billy Lanning, all save the last mentioned going to Providence. Arrivals for Nov. 24 Harry Mack and his trained dogs, Miles Morris, the Guy Brothers, Harry Lester, Annie Arnet, Alice Gleason and Allie Drayton. Charley Burnham and Jennie Belmont remain.

MR. AND MRS. GEO. WARE, character vocalists, etc., are at liberty, and can be engaged on the shortest notice through their agent, Col. T. Allston Brown. Mr. Ware has also fifty new and original songs for disposal. See card.

THE MAJILTONS will shortly produce a new act in three tableaux, in which Miss Marie will impersonate a Spanish señorita. The title, dresses and effects are copyrighted.

THE ARRIVALS at the Baltimore (Md.) Opera-house on Nov. 17 were Hugh Haggerty, Dutch song-and-dance; Charles Vincent, Ethiopian comedian; Fanny Kent, song-and-dance; and Shafer and Nelson, double song-and-dance, all of which were favorably received. Mention is due Prof. George Nachman for his efficient direction of the orchestral portion of the entertainment. Business has been fair. The engagements of Wm. Cole and the Adams Brothers, of Comique Varieties, go to the Comique, Washington, D. C., and Hugh Haggerty, of the Baltimore Opera-house, to and Hugh Haggerty. For the 24th are announced Amelia Dean and the Adams Brothers.....The newcomers at Frank Howe's American Comique were Beasley and Hughes, who took possession of the ends, and in the olio presented an excellent plantation sketch; and Harry C. Andrews, who ably enacted Hassarac in "The Female Forty Thieves," which formed a feature of the show. A vocal protean act by Jessie Howard, and the Irish songs-and-dances by Murphy and Egbert, merit notice. Attendance good. Maggie Mairs, Prof. Richards the magic fish, and Joe Warren are to open Nov. 24.....The Odeon Varieties, under the regime of George Hall, business and stage-manager, continues to do a lucrative business. The character and serio-comic songs of Clara Moore are among the gems of the programme. No immediate changes.

STEWART & CO., whose address find elsewhere, will play a good variety company for two weeks, commencing Dec. 29, in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, Pa. They are also prepared to play a minstrel company on sharing terms.

THE LEMO LOOK COMBINATION gave three more of their pleasing performances at the Virginia Opera-house, Richmond, Va., commencing Nov. 17. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the attendance was small. They closed on the 19th, going to Petersburg, when they will play three nights, thence on a Southern tour under the management of W. M. Paul.

AT THE WASHINGTON VARIETIES, Providence, R. I., the arrivals on Nov. 17 were Diamond and Ryan, song-and-dance; the Livingston Brothers—Fred, Frank and Adolph—gymnasts; Ned Ainsley, comedian; La petite Pauline, serio-comic.

Performers desiring engagements at Frank Howe's American Theatre Comique, Baltimore, Md., are referred to Mr. Howe's card in our business department.

PATTIE ROSA, serio-comic vocalist and dancer, who has just concluded a three months' engagement with Charley Shay's Quinceplexal Troupe, is at present performing at the Opera-house, Rondout, N. Y., where she can be addressed.

GEO. MARKS, who advertises, wants to engage a young lady to learn trapeze business.

TALENT is wanted for the Alhambra Varieties, Dallas, Texas. See advertisement.

LEON WASHBURN advertises for variety performers for the Opera-house, Rondout, N. Y.

CLARA BUTLER, vocalist, etc., commences a four weeks' engagement at the Olympic Theatre, Memphis, Tenn., on Nov. 27.

AT THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Pittsburgh, Pa., the only new appearance on Nov 17 was Mollie Wilson, a serio-comic vocalist of more than average ability, and whose songs are nightly encored three and four times, writes our correspondent on Nov. 21, and he further says: "Hurley and Marr have been re-engaged, and as song-and-dance artists their popularity continues unabated. Billy Asheroft's Irish delineations are keenly relished, and the gymnastic feats of the Walhalla Brothers are very enjoyable. Miss Kitty Brooke, Miss Emma Ellinger, George W. Herman and H. W. Williams materially contributed toward making the entertainments satisfactory to the patrons of the establishment.....J. C. Stewart's European Combination opened at Fred. Aims' American Theatre on the 17th inst. The new people appearing were Baby McDonald, Edwin French, Ricardo Freary, Miss Nellie Steele, J. C. Stewart, Miss Grace Harris, Mlle. Lucille, James McDonald, Harry Monroe and Prof. H. J. Campbell. The singing and dancing of Baby McDonald were quite good for one of her tender years, and she was twice recalled. Edwin France gave a banjo solo, accompanied with song, both of which were up to an average standard of excellence. Ricardo Freary and Miss Nellie Steele were seen to advantage in comic duets. They have clear voices, skillfully managed. Mr. Freary introduced a dance, which was executed with unusual rapidity, and won applause. J. C. Stewart acted in two sketches during the evening, and his robust figure and original comicalities provoked considerable merriment. The vocalization of Miss Grace Harris gained for her an encore. Mlle. Lucille is a sprightly little vocalist, and her songs were twice redemanded. James McDonald presented a new act—that of dancing with steel skates on a pedestal. The performance, besides being novel, possessed artistic merit, and was liberally applauded. Harry Monroe is a comic vocalist and mimic of rather more than fair abilities, being master of a mellow voice and a competent character actor. Prof. H. J. Campbell, assisted by Mlle. Lucille, introduced an illusion entitled "Blind Reading," which proved one of the most interesting and remarkable features of the evening's entertainment, and secured for the professor and his assistant the applause of the audience. Lo-Lo and the de Glorian Brothers, Tom Harper, Misses Carrie Haines and Fannie Lucille, Frank Dillon, Frank Carleton, Johnny Reese, E. D. Gooding and others appear, in addition to the fresh arrivals. Lo-Lo is announced for a farewell benefit on

TERMS:

Single copy, 10 cents. For annum, $4.00 in advance. To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents is allowed from yearly subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British provinces, $1.00 per annum extra, to cover postage.

Advertisements under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, interpersed to news departments, 50 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer, in advance.

FRANK QUEEN, Ed. and Proprietor,
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE COMIQUE,
J ACKSON, MICH.
DEN HOWE, Business and Stage Manager.
House crowded nightly. Immense success of the present company: Ed. Christie, Carrie Christie, Lew Hallet, Will H. Stowe, Alice Hallet, George Williams, Den Howe and Eddie Bush. First-class talent wanted at all times. No wine room. Write and get a date. All letters answered promptly. Address DEN HOWE,
35-1* Business Manager.

WANTED,
CORYPHEES FOR A SIX MONTHS' SEASON
to travel with the BLACK CROOK.
Hotel board and Railroad fares paid. State lowest salary, and address to undersigned at Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 24, 25, 26, Charleston 27, 28, 29, Savannah Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
35-1t BIDWELL & MACDONOUGH.

MISS IONA LANG, THE QUEEN OF Song, having concluded her second successful engagement at Acker's Varieties, Troy, N. Y., where she is pronounced by press and public to be the most pleasing and talented vocalist on the American stage, takes this method of returning thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Acker, for the many kind favors received. Permanent address MISS IONA LANG, care of Col. T. Allston Brown, No. 9 West 14th st., N. Y.
35-1t*

TIM COHEN, better known as DUBLIN DAN, THE GUIDE, can be engaged by responsible managers, by addressing P. O., Providence, R. I. Parties wishing to engage him will please state highest salary. Will not travel with any but first-class parties.
35-1t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—Stellar attractions and a few dramatic people; also a few first-class variety artists, for Theatre Royal, Montreal. Address H. LINLEY, Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada.
35-1t*

P. H. SEAMON, CLOWN AND General performer, Ventriloquist, and original Peter Honts Performer, with his TALKING HEADS, challenges the United States to compete. Can be engaged by responsible first-class managers of variety theatres or traveling combination parties. Now playing at Girardy's Opera-house, Augusta, Ga. Has mammoth sheet posters, four colors, and programme outs. Address P. H. SEAMON, as above.
35-1t*

TO THE CIRCUS PROFESSION, wishing engagements for lenting season of 1874 with ROBBINS & CO.'S MUSEUM, CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE. Address Janesville, Wis., stating full line of business and lowest salary. None but sober people wanted. No pet dogs or Saratoga trunks carried. Privileges all disposed of.
35-1t*

WYOMING HOUSE,
SCRANTON, PA.
Located near Opera house. Strictly first-class. Terms, $3.50 per day. Rates to traveling companies.
35-13t* GARDNER & KOON, Proprietors.

I CAN GIVE A GOOD, STEADY situation to a COMPETENT MUSICIAN to play first violin and sing a little, but I will not pay high-toned figures. Address immediately, by mail or telegraph,
HI HENRY,
London, Ont., Canada.
A good country musician preferred.
35-1t*

TO MANAGERS AND STARS. For sale—"A SIMPLETON" five-act play; Beauchamp five-act tragedy in blank verse. Modern. Apply to R. DORSAY OGDEN,
35-tf Arcadian Club, N. Y. City.

A YOUNG ACTRESS OF EX- perience, education, refinement and fine appearance, who has an elegant wardrobe, and recommendations from first-class dramatic theatres, solicits an engagement. Address MUSETTE MORAN, care of CLIPPER Office.
35-1t*

TWO WANTED,
A POSITION as Clarionettist by a first-class player. Address, stating salary, to P. MILFORD,
35-1t* 12 Fall st., Trenton, N. J.

WANTED, AN AGENT—ONE that can invest $200 in a first-class entertainment. Must be a gentleman. Address MANAGER "Q," care of CLIPPER Office.
35-1t*

FIRST-CLASS SPECIALTY ARTISTS WANTED, MALE and FEMALE, in ALL BRANCHES OF THE PROFESSION, to complete a FIRST-CLASS ORGANIZATION of established reputation. None but Ladies and Gentlemen required. No fancy salary, but sure. A good engagement to the right people. Inclose photograph, which will be returned. Two stamps for reply. Address immediately MANAGER "Z," care of CLIPPER office, N. Y.
35-2t

J. P. PATTERSON, BANJOIST AND PERFORMER, CAN BE ENGAGED.
Address J. P. PATTERSON,
35-1t* 628 Washington st., Boston, Mass.

WANTED, A PARTNER FOR SONG-AND-DANCE BIL. One that means to work up in the biz. None others need apply. Address DRISCOLL,
35-1t* Care of CLIPPER office.

A CARD.
MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ respectfully requests that all business communications may be addressed to HER or her brother, MR. ARTHUR LECLERCQ, who will for the future act as her sole agent. 19 West 24th st., New York City.
34-4t*

ZEIDLER'S GERMANIA HALL, SCRANTON, LUZERNE CO., PA.
Will be let at very moderate rates by the night, week or season. Good stage, gas; will seat 600. Hall 75x30. Best location in the city. Population 50,000. Apply to ZEIDLER & BLAKER, Proprietors.
34-2t*

MAGIC TRICKS FOR SALE CHEAP. Address with stamp, C. MELVIN, JR., Box 15, Stoneham, Mass.
34-3t*

FIELD'S THEATRE, DALLAS, TEXAS,
is now offered for rent by the night, week or season. Seating capacity, 800. Complete in all of its appointments. Dallas is the fastest interior city of Texas; has a population of 9,000, and is the Western terminus of the Great Texas and Pacific Railroad, and is also on the line of the Texas Central Railroad, which is the great through route from St. Louis to Galveston. Would lease to a responsible party for a long term. Address
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NATIONAL DIORAMA.—The performance to-night will be for the benefit of Miss Kate Goodchild, patronized by Admiral Jacky and the officers of H. M. S. Mersey. We have previously adverted to the qualifications of Miss Goodchild as a popular singer. Her style is attractive, and her voice is clear and expressive, and exclusively well adapted to humorous Irish airs, which she sings with much piquancy and taste.
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Although the Athenæum is not much adapted to accustic purposes, the sweet contralto of Miss Goodchild told with great effect on the audience. We most strongly recommend our readers to visit the Diorama during its short stay.
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